

THE GLENDALE NEWS

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

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No. 35

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

The Day the World Celebrates—Poetry,
Preaching and Philosophy

QUERIES.

Oh, Shepherds of Judean hills
Two thousand years ago,
Stand ye yet gazing at the star
Which once entranced you so?
Swell yet on your enraptured ears
Those strains of such celestial sound
As not since Time himself was born
Have rapturous tongues so fitly found?

Oh, wise men of that mystic East
Whence came the very first of things,
Kneel ye there yet at His dear feet
Proclaiming Him the King of kings?
Or do you follow in His train
Adown long vistas of the years
As through immensities of space
He journeys with the circling spheres?

The Star itself—which of those orbs
That the wide field of heaven do gem
Guided the worshippers of old
To that low throne in Bethlehem?
Where shall we look who fain would go
O'er many a stretch of desert place
And lay our offerings at His feet
If we perchance might see His face?

Was it the Wise Men answered me
Out of the wisdom ages old,
Or the angelic host that came
Where shepherds watched without the fold?

For in upon my mortal sense
Was borne the answer sweet and clear,
"Who seeks shall find; who strives
shall win;

His quest is brief who looks within."

J. C. SHERER.

Glendale, Cal., 1909.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

By our Lay Minister.

Dear Beloved: The text is as old as Christianity and that means that it is just the age of Christmas. "Peace on earth, good will toward men." It is hoary with the weight of two thousand years, but is bright with usage. It means just the same now that it did when it fell upon the awe-struck ears of the shepherds on Judean hills. We like to flatter ourselves that we are a good deal better than the men of that time, but really while it may assist in adding to our foolish ideas of comfort to think so, it is difficult to prove the proposition. Of course it is not considered the correct thing in good society for us to commit the same kinds of devilry that they used to hanker after in those far off days, but no doubt they lived up to "their light" just about as we do. There was not so much expected of them and consequently the probability is that they were no more of a disappointment to their Maker than are we of the twentieth century. There were sinners of all complexions and degree in that age and generation and there were those who passed for "holy" men, who quite likely had stains on their records just as the best of us have. There were "holy" women also, for sex cut just about the same figure then that it does today, when the real questions of humanity are considered; they stood beside man, shoulder to shoulder, equal partners in the great human interest enterprise, helpers and recipients of help, sharing the glory and bearing their share of the burden. They spoke out in meeting then, possibly just as much as they do now and probably wanted to do more of it just as now, for St. Paul thought worthy to disparage it and it is understood that if St. Paul was to run for office now he would hear things which would make him sit up and take notice. Now I mention these things just to show that human nature is the same now as it always has been as far back as we have any records of the race. The message came to those distant people just because they needed it, perhaps they had been drifting slowly and getting further away from first principles until the necessity for practicing what we now call the "Christian Virtues" had almost been forgotten and they needed the reminder which they then received. Quite possibly they thought it was a new message that the angels brought first to the shepherds near Bethany, but it was not, for love has been from the beginning. But it came revived, personified, incarnated—came with all the weight and sanction which the Almighty Creator of things was capable of giving it, so that no longer could responsibility be evaded but from that time on and forever more, man must acknowledge and attempt to live up to the principle of universal brotherhood and his life must be keyed to be written down in the long list of failures which have been thrown into the scrap heap of the ages. Christ, Charity, Christmas—what a trinity! In those three words is found the condensed wisdom of volumes; in the first two indeed is the whole secret of right living. There may be other words among other peoples that we will not judge, but if they live up to the principle underlying the Christmas text, what better can ye do? The Charity here enjoined is not that narrow construction which consists in alms giving only, it is the living principle of spirit, "Which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, suffereth long and is kind." It is the principle of love which bears fruitage on the Christmas tree, particularly when its weight of presents is not intended for one's own family solely. But it is far more than this, it is the impulse which comes from the Divinity within us impelling us to judge of our neighbor in all charity and love, to accord to him the privi-

lege of having different ideas from our cherished ones and yet of being as nearly right as we are, possibly because of his different viewpoint and because our own highly prized opinions are likely to be mere human notions at best and are no more stable than the ideas that flit hither and yon through the webs of the individual entities that constitute humanity. But you cannot evade the responsibility at this Christmas time of living up as nearly as possible to the principle of the text, to judge all men in the spirit of love, for according to the charity of your judgment, so shall you be judged. "On earth Peace." Glorious old John Milton voiced the idea of universal peace sublimely when he wrote of that Christmas day in his "Hymn of the Nativity," in the words given below, but remember, beloved, that the individual warfare going on day after day in the human heart and life is of vastly more importance than the occasional warfare among the nations.

"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high
uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spoke not to the armed
throng
And kings sat still with awful eye
As if they surely knew their sovereign
Lord was by."

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

No Santa Claus? Yes, my little man, there is a Santa Claus, thank God! The world would indeed be poor without one. It is true that he does not always wear a white beard and drive a reindeer team—not always, you know—but what does it matter? He is Santa Claus with the big, loving, Christmas heart, for all that; Santa Claus with the kind thoughts for every one that make children and grown-up people beam with happiness all day long.

And shall I tell you a secret which I did not learn at the postoffice, but it is true all the same—how you can always be sure your letters go to him straight by the chimney route? It is this: send along with them a friendly thought for the boy you don't like; for Jack who punched you, or Jim who was mean to you. The meaner the thought, the more you resolve to make it up; not to bear him a grudge. That is the stamp for the letter to Santa. Nobody can stop it, not even a cross-draught in the chimney, when it has that on.

Because—don't you know, Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas; and ever and ever so many years ago when the dear little Baby was born after whom we call Christmas, and was cradled in the manger out in the stable because there was not room in the inn, the Spirit came into the world to set the hearts of men and make them love one another. Therefore, that is the mark of the Spirit to this day. Don't let anybody or anything rub it out. Then the rest doesn't matter. Let them tear Santa's white beard off at the Sunday school festival and growl in his beardskin coat. These are only his disguises. The steps of the real Santa Claus you can trace all through the world as you have done here with me, and when you stand in the last of his tracks you will find the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem smiling a welcome to you. For then you will be home.

JACOB A. RIIS.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

To celebrate the 'steenth birthday of her husband, Mrs. C. O. Pulliam entertained at her beautiful home on Kenwood street, Saturday evening last, a large party of friends. The principal pastime of the occasion was the game of Five Hundred for which ten tables were set and the game afforded even more than the usual amount of amusement for the players. The first ladies' prize was won by Mrs. F. H. Vesper, a pretty violet vase; Mr. Alex Mitchell carried off the gentlemen's prize, a turquoise stick pin, while the booby prize went unanimously to Mr. Owens.

The refreshments were of the most appetizing character, daintily served by the daughters of the hostess. The rooms were charmingly decorated with smilax and holly.

Death of Mrs. H. S. Duffield

Mrs. H. S. Duffield, wife of H. S. Duffield, of the Burbank theater, died on Thursday, December 23d, at noon, at her residence on Lomita avenue, Glendale. Death was due to heart failure. Funeral services will be held on Monday next at the chapel of the Booth & Boylson undertaking establishment, Los Angeles, and will be in charge of Rev. Baker P. Lee, of Christ Episcopal church.

Married

At the residence of the bride's parents, 810 Stewart street, Los Angeles, Wednesday evening, December 22d, Mr. Clyde Thedaker, of Tropic, was united in marriage to Miss Gertrude Mason. Rev. J. W. Utter, pastor of the Christian church, Glendale, performed the ceremony, which was a quiet home one. Mr. and Mrs. Thedaker, it is understood, will make their home in Tropic.

Notice

Ten dollars reward for information that will lead to the prosecution of persons tampering with real estate signs erected on lots for sale by Ernest H. Owen.

Beginning January 3, 1910, Miss Lily D. Wood will teach ladies to make their own tailored suits, working on their own material. For terms, inquire at 1022 W. Third street, cor. Mary. Sunset 3141.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOLS

Appropriate Celebrations Previous to Vacation—Fourth Street, Sixth Street—and West Glendale Schools

Perhaps only in Southern California could Christmas exercises be given as they were on Thursday afternoon at the Fourth Street school. The program was given out in the bright sunshine, many of the children dressed in white. The veranda built about three sides of the inner court, served as a stage, gay with holly decorations, and the audience of parents and patrons occupied benches on the cement floor of the court. Under the direction of Mrs. M. Anderson a musical program was given. Many of the numbers were classic and all were indicative of the training of a special teacher. Three numbers by the primary department were especially enjoyable. The first part of the program ended with a beautiful rendition of a favorite Christmas classic, "Silent Night, Holy Night." There was then a general movement to the sunny campus to witness the raising of a handsome new flag. Little Francis Green "spoke a piece" in a way that instantly captured every heart. Applause greeted the appearance of the flag, borne by six of the smallest children. As the dearly-loved stars and stripes reached the top of the pole, the children, right hands up, lifted solemnly "pledged allegiance to the flag."

The spectators were then invited to inspect the work of the pupils as displayed in the various rooms. Mrs. Ryan's eighth grade room was resplendent with a great growth of scarlet poinsettias, the water color work of her scholars. Of special note was a blackboard drawing by Clifford Riggs representing the desert, the three travelers on their camels and the Christmas star. Another by Lester Stark attracted a share of attention, a typical Christmas picture of open fireplace and laden tree.

Parents were vastly interested in the display of practical presents made by Miss McIntyre's seventh grade pupils by the employment of stencil work and painting. Such gifts as curtains, cushions, bags, work baskets, had been designed and fashioned by the pupils' clever fingers. In other rooms the displays were both beautiful and amusing, showing many hours of patient work and faithful application. There were big red elephants with ribbon-tied tails, little fat stuffed St. Nick's, wonderful calendars, water color drawings, illuminated book covers, raffia matts and napkin rings, matchboxes, button boxes, stampbooks, mopping hats, etc. In one room was shown a very handsome new bust of Abraham Lincoln, and holly, roses, growing plants and bowls of gold fish all helped in the pleasant effect. In the primary department Miss Christensen, the little ones fashioned gifts and scrap books for poor children in Los Angeles and little ones in the hospitals. This was decided upon by vote of the children.

SIXTH STREET SCHOOL.

At the Sixth Street school a great 8-foot tree glistened and bristled with Christmas good things. Gay horns of plenty filled to overflowing with candy, nuts and raisins were the gift of Miss Waite to her little ones, and not a few visitors found there was more than enough to "go round." Live oak wreaths bright with red and gold stars, holly and big red bells lent the entire building a festive and seasonable air. Here, too, were fine board drawings and such busy work displayed as was shown at the other schools. The program was given in the spacious central hall. There was a boys' chorus, a girls' chorus, and many good numbers by the various pupils. Little Virginia Hunchberger, a visitor, delighted guests in the different rooms by her rendition of "Little Orphan Annie."

In Miss Howlett's room there was an interesting program of recitations and music. The recitations given in the costumes of various countries and showing as they did the different manner of observing the world's holiday, were very well rendered; the children entering with appreciative spirit into the work. The blackboard work was attractive and indicated natural and developed talent on the part of some of the smaller pupils.

WEST GLENDALE.

The West Glendale school was filled with the real Christmas spirit and joy and surprises radiated from the wondrous tree that Mrs. Taylor and Miss Erickson had helped Santa Claus to decorate. Gifts and cornucopias of candy made the children happy, who in turn gladdened the proud hearts of parents with gay Christmas carols and sweet hymns and several remarkably good readings. Holly, stars and lovely masses of Christmas flowers brightened each room. A unique feature of entertainment for seventh and eighth grade scholars in Miss Nellie Miller's room was a Baby Show. Babyhood photos of pupils were displayed, each one with a number and the children were given tiny booklets and pencils and told to "guess who." The prize of a handsome Madonna picture fell to Miss Viola Yarb, she having guessed the largest number.

In Miss Yarnell's room was given some splendid chorusing singing. Several pupils rendered old-time holiday verses, and parents, teachers and pupils united in declaring this one of the happiest Christmas times this school has ever known. As in the other schools, there was here a fine representation from the Parent-Teachers' association, from which source proud and enthusiastic support has been generously given.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Coleman visited old friends in Glendale the past week.

Mr. Chas. Sternberg is here on a short visit to his brother, R. C. Sternberg.

Mrs. J. C. Sherer has been ill with la grippe for the past week but is slowly recovering.

The latest advices from Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Pack are to the effect that they will arrive in Glendale on Dec. 30th.

The Presbyterians and Methodists have a game of baseball this (Christmas) morning on the High School grounds.

Mrs. L. H. Hurtt attended a reception given by Mrs. Felix C. Howes and daughter, Ebelle club house Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Templeton of Clinton, Mo., and Mrs. E. N. Zolein and son of Chicago, are stopping at Castle Crags on East Sixth street.

Johnny Marvel, the popular conductor on the Eagle Rock car line, has been laid up during the past few days with an attack of illness from which he is now recovering.

Mr. G. A. Carney and family of Greene, Iowa, brother of Dave Carney, are here to spend the winter. They expect to spend it in Glendale and Long Beach. Mr. Carney was formerly a merchant of Greene, Iowa.

Mr. J. W. Fairchild and family who visited Glendale last winter and returned some months ago to their home in Pennsylvania, returned here Sunday last and will locate permanently. They are temporarily located at Fifth and Jackson.

Mr. B. D. Brown has the contract for a residence to be built for Mr. Webster on Central avenue, corner of Park, to cost about \$3000. J. B. Cathcart is now putting in the foundation and will do considerable sidewalk and street work in connection with the job.

Mr. C. W. Young recently purchased four acres of land adjoining his property on East Sixth street on the east end and is putting up a very artistic bungalow of the Craftsman order. Mr. Young and family have moved into the new house recently completed adjacent to Castle Crags.

The editor of the NEWS and family acknowledge the receipt of greetings and a seasonable reminder of Christmas from our friend, Mr. Reinal Whitaker, who is stopping near T. C. Mexico. Mr. Whitaker is employed in the engineering corps of work in the extension of the railroad in that section.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hatfield of Castle Crags entertained at dinner Thursday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hollingsworth of Santa Cruz and Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Hare of Eagle Rock. Rev. Hare and family are old friends of the host and hostess and Mr. Hollingsworth is about to engage in business at Eagle Rock.

Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Hurtt and Mrs. Bundy entertained at an elaborate Christmas dinner Christmas day. The dining room represented a snow scene with Santa Claus and the reindeer as the center piece of the table. There was a beautiful Christmas tree with gifts for all. Covers were laid for Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Pepper, Dr. C. F. Pepper, Capt. J. M. Wells and Mr. W. F. Splith of Escondido.

A few months ago Mr. Platt M. Corbaley saw a liner ad. in the NEWS telling of the finding of a hand satchel containing money belonging to a member of his family, and in last week's issue he noticed another "found" notice, this time of a considerable sum of money which on inquiry proved to belong to a friend of his. The incidents point a very obvious moral—read the NEWS.

Lew Wardell, who has been spending the past few months in the Sierras of Mariposa county, where he has been employed at a mine owned by Mr. Elias Ayers and others, is in Glendale for the holidays. Snow was three or four feet deep in some places when he left and a prospect of more to follow quickly. All along the route of the Southern Pacific from Caliente to Newhall there has been a heavy snow fall, being two feet deep in some places. Mr. Wardell will stay long enough in Glendale to thaw out.

K. OF P. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Miradero Lodge K. of P. held an election of officers for the ensuing year on Dec. 7th, resulting as follows: S. A. Chase, C. C.; H. B. Eachus, V. C.; J. A. Spence, Prelate; A. P. Joyner, M. at W.; F. H. Davis, K. of R. & S.; G. A. Dodson, M. at A.; C. I. Shuey, I. G.; O. S. Sampson, O. G.; H. L. LeGrand, Master of Exchequer; L. B. Fitzgerald, Master of Finance; trustees, Frank Zerr, three years; W. G. Hebert, two years; M. of F., R. P. McMullen; Past Chancellor Commanders, F. H. Mitchell, Fred Deal, J. H. Seaman, H. A. Breusing, J. P. Collins.

Christmas comes but once a year—Bringing one and all good cheer.

Have you taken the good advice given last week? If so, we know that you are just as happy today as you ought to be. You may be happier yet if you will call us up on either phone and order our wagon to call for that suit to be fixed up. We are great fixers. We mend them, clean them, press them, dye them. Anything you want in that line.

GLENDALE DYE WORKS.
Next to Wood's Hotel, Brand Blvd.

HENRY AND BILHORN

Union Evangelistic Campaign, Glendale

Commencing January 2d

FILGER OPERA HOUSE



REV. J. Q. A. HENRY

John Quincy Adams Henry bears great names. Better still, he inherits the qualities these names suggest. One who knows declares that "he combines the solid sense of the Adamases of Massachusetts with the fervid eloquence of the Henrys of Virginia."

He has spent twenty years in notable pastorates like Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and Los Angeles. He conducted a five years' temperance evangelistic campaign in Great Britain, during which he addressed over three millions of people, speaking 3000 times; took 150,000 total abstinence

pledges and had 30,000 confessions of Christ as Savior. "One can well believe of him that he is able to keep audiences of 6000 or 8000 people spell-bound."—London Daily News. Dr. J. R. Harris said, "The Lord made him in view of the needs of the day. He took a piece out of Vesuvius, a cross section out of an earthquake, a side light out of a tornado and mixed them up with the gift of speech and the grace of enthusiasm and sent him to us to stir us up for the victories that shall secure the peace and progress of the people."



P. P. BILHORN

As musical hymn writer, soloist and chorus conductor, Prof. P. P. Bilhorn has no equal in the United States, if in the world. He is the composer of over 2000 hymns, and the author of a score of musical publications. He is richly gifted by nature and graciously endowed by the spirit to win men through the ministry of song. He has a sweet, rich, powerful tenor voice, covering with ease two and one-half octaves, and capable of reaching effectively 10,000 people. It is a benediction to hear him sing. "Prof. P. P. Bilhorn is the greatest gospel singer in America, and a song writer of great power."—Peoria, Ill. Union. "It is worth a trip across the continent to hear Bilhorn sing."—Harris, Bible Institute, Toronto, Canada. "One of the finest soloists and directors in the world."—El Paso Journal. "The statement that the United States does not know his superior as a chorus director is not overdrawn."—Springfield Chautauqua.

MARRIED.

Wednesday night Miss Leatha E. Sibley of Tropic became the bride of Mr. H. W. James of Los Angeles. Miss Sibley has been a resident of Tropic four years; the bridegroom is a native son, having spent all his life in Los Angeles. The couple were married at the residence of Rev. Mr. Botkin of Tropic. The bride's father presented the young couple with three beautiful lots in Tropic. After a brief honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. James will be at home to their friends after January 1st, at 1009 E. Fifty-second street, Los Angeles.

Castle Crags

First-class country home boarding. All the comforts of home. Rates reasonable. Dinners a specialty. On Glendale-Eagle Rock car line. Sunset 1214.

GROCERY CHANGES HANDS.

Tupper & Co. made an exchange of the Learned grocery on Brand boulevard to Mr. James Wyvell. Mr. Learned takes a large lot and cottage on Thirty-sixth Place, Los Angeles. Tupper & Co. also report sale of cottage on Fifth street belonging to C. M. Walton. Mr. Hawkins of Seventh street was the purchaser.

Private Kindergarten

A well-equipped, up-to-date kindergarten: 9 to 12 daily; \$3.50 monthly. Visitors welcomed. Mrs. Nanno Woods, specialist in junior piano and violin, Milford street. Home phone 1062. tf-23

Horse meals served family style. Central Stables, Fourth and Mary streets. Sunset 3143; Home 812.

The Glendale News

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GLENDAL, CAL., DECEMBER 25, 1909

"Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men."

Read that Christmas story on page four, by Frank H. Sweet. It is worth while.

The Ballinger-Pinchot row is to be investigated by a congressional committee. Let us fervently hope that it will not produce such a crop of perjurers as has the North Pole controversy.

Beware of the man with one idea. It is in itself proof that his brain is overworked in one particular spot and that the rest is out of balance. Ours is a manifold nature and this is a world of infinite variety. We must meet it as is—the preparation for a world of our own making will not help us much in the one that the Almighty fashioned.

We have received a copy of the Rivera News, published by Mr. W. H. Feeler. We welcome Mr. Feeler into the clanship of the country press. His paper bears evidence of being "worth while" and we have no doubt that it will fill a long-felt want.

The unspeakable Leopold of Belgium is dead and probably no ruler upon earth could pass away amid such an utter absence of regret. The church uttered the time-worn platitude about his being a "Defender of the Faithful," which gives one a new and rather heterodox idea as to whom the faithful may be; for it seems not to be recorded that he ever defended anything or any one that was worthy.

The San Fernando Valley Press comes to us this week as a special Christmas edition with attractive cover appropriate to the season and contents to match. It is creditable to the enterprising publisher, Brother Crooks, and to our neighboring town, which it follows the lead of its newspaper, will soon begin to work up to that place of importance which it no doubt is destined to assume.

Gipsy Smith, a misguided evangelist, after inveighing luridly against the "Red Light" district in Chicago, led a procession of his followers through that detectable section of the Windy City singing hymns and shouting "Hallelujahs." The performance interested the doubtful denizens of the district probably but how it advanced the cause of morality or religion has not yet been disclosed.

The great American fault which consists in taking people at their own valuation, seems to have had a striking exemplification in the case of Dr. Cook. Because he possessed the manner of a gentleman, his story was accepted without anything in the way of proof. It will be difficult to turn to I-told-you-so Peary, with any decent simulation of enthusiasm and place any second-hand laurels on his corrugated brow. The hero worshippers seem to have lost an idol.

Mayor Alexander's selections for commission appointments in Los Angeles as thus far announced, seem to be very good ones. The appointment of T. E. Gibbon for a position on the harbor commission, is particularly commendable. Mr. Gibbon is probably one of the best posted men on the coast in regard to railroads, transportation and harbors. He came to Los Angeles some twenty years ago as attorney for the Terminal Railroad company (now part of the Salt Lake system) and was a prominent and influential figure in the fight for the San Pedro breakwater appropriation as against the claims of Santa Monica. He has since degenerated into a reform editor, but he ought to be able to give good service to the city, notwithstanding this handicap!

SOUTH PASADENA POOL ROOM CASE.

South Pasadena pool room case promises to be a celebrated one. That city has an ordinance prohibiting pool rooms, similar to the one that Glendale's trustees adopted some months ago. Nearly two years ago a man named Murphy was convicted of keeping a pool room there in violation of this ordinance. The lawyers took the case to the Supreme Court of the state

and the decision of the lower court was confirmed. Now the case goes to the Supreme Court of the United States, the lawyers for Murphy contending that the ordinance is contrary to the constitution of the United States in that it interferes with a citizen in carrying on a pleasure resort which is not in itself harmful. It is therefore not on the same basis as a business which is in itself harmful or objectionable, the right to the regulation of which by the municipality is not denied.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

It is here again, that season of good fellowship, good will, peace to all men. It does not bring them altogether; not yet has the promise blossomed into perfect flower and fruitage, but every Christmas sees it more nearly universal than before. How differently we see it from our various view points, orthodox, heterodox, rank infidel! And yet the real spirit of the season enters into the life of every one, saint and scoffer much the same. It is not the theological Christmas only that pervades the world; it does not belong to a sect, it is the universal heartbeat of humanity attuned to the chord of love. We do not care whether the world celebrates upon the proper date in the month or whether December is the right month even; we may believe with much exactness and particularity as to detail, but if we only believe in a general way that the Christ was born and that at this particular time the law of love must prevail; if we recognize even for a day the great fact of the universal brotherhood of man, how much better the world is for it!

FOOTBALL AND OTHER ATHLETICS.

Notwithstanding that ex-President Roosevelt and some other high authorities still defend the game of football with all its brutal features, we notice that it is being barred from many of the schools where it was formerly considered quite the proper thing. Aside from the question of its unnecessary rough features as played at present, there is another objection made to it as a college adjunct which seems to us to be a weighty one and that is that although it may be a means of developing physical strength, quickness in action and other manly attributes, this development applies to only the select few who actually participate in the games, while the crowds who throng the bleachers have no opportunity for exercising anything except their lungs. This objection applies not only to football but to other team games; the few get the opportunity for excessive physical development while the many receive no benefit from them. It does not follow, of course, that they should be abolished for this reason, but it can readily be seen that a school may acquire a reputation for athletic development judged by its high record in team work, but at the same time be weak in actual work of development among the students at large. Physical exercise should be required of every student along proper lines of development and the real value is not to be judged by the record made by the chosen few along special lines.

THE APPOINTMENT OF GAGE.

President Taft has nominated Henry T. Gage of Los Angeles for the post of minister of Portugal. With his knowledge of the Spanish language and his fine legal ability, Mr. Gage ought to make a good representative of our government. He made one of the poorest governors that California ever had, but in his position at the court in Lisbon, he will have little to do with the question of patronage which was his bane when he filled the position of governor. Mr. Gage is a man of pleasing personality and even his political opponents will join in congratulating him and wishing him success in the field of diplomacy. And then there is consolation in the thought that for a brief period at least the Acton Rooster will not nominate him for anything. That paper which is edited up around the bay somewhere but is published occasionally at Acton in this county, generally has the name of Henry T. Gage at the head of its editorial columns as its candidate for some high office. Its editor, R. E. Nickel, was an original Gage man in the gubernatorial campaign and being a personal friend of Mr. Gage, was rewarded with the position of port warden in San Francisco. After Gage was defeated in the contest for renomination, Nickel nominated him for vice president on the national ticket, but nobody seconded the nomination. When we last saw a copy of the ROOSTER it had the name of Gage up for senator. Nickel has good staying qualities and will no doubt put Mr. Gage in nomination for president if he ever returns from Portugal.

A SERIOUS SET-BACK.

The petition sent in to the trustees Wednesday evening against the opening of Childs avenue, signed by a large number of property owners in the section to be most directly benefited, we cannot but regard as a serious step backward for the portion of Glendale east of Adams street. If it was a fin-

ality there would be no chance to question that this would be the effect. However, we hope that it only means delay. It is a discouraging proposition which the trustees are confronted with. On a petition signed by a majority of frontage owners, money is taken out of the general fund to pay for the preliminary work of advertising and posting notice in regard to intention, then when it begins to look as if the work was actually to be done, a number of the property owners who signed the first petition append their names to another demanding that nothing further be done in the matter. The query naturally arises, what do the property owners want? We understand that the question of storm water was injected into the street matter in a way which brought about the final action of property owners up to date. If such was the case, we believe the mistake of the protestants was made through lack of knowledge. If property owners along the Childs tract line want a road, they should take steps to get one at once and take up the storm water matter separately. Glendale has been incorporated nearly four years and the growth made during that time has been almost entirely east of Adams street. This has not been due altogether to the better transportation facilities on the West Side. As evidence of the truth of this it is only necessary to point to the building up of the neighborhood around Second and Third streets and Verdugo road, the most of the houses built there having been put up before the Eagle Rock railway line was completed. But with the exception of this and the building up of Fifth street following upon its improvement, there has been very little growth east of Adams street, and yet that street marks very nearly the geographical center of the city. From Adams street to the easterly city limits, a distance of nearly a mile, there is but one thoroughfare running north and south, and that is Verdugo Road. It is impossible for this section to make any considerable growth under present conditions; it is a most desirable section from the home builder's point of view, but it is handicapped as long as it lacks roads and it will stand still until it gets them. The route along the Childs tract line is so manifestly a necessity for the upbuilding of this portion of Glendale that the shortsightedness of property owners who want to dispose of all or any portion of their holdings, is incomprehensible. Every property owner in our city who feels the necessary burden of taxation and wishes to see it made lighter, should reflect that the simplest way to accomplish that object is to induce other home makers to come here and share it with us. Every additional dollar's worth of property brought into our city and remaining as an asset, is added to the tax roll and lessens by so much the amount which every citizen has to pay. If any section of the city remains undeveloped it is a misfortune especially to those owning property in that vicinity and generally to the whole community.

Correspondence

SOCIALISM. (Contributed)

Job Harriman gave a masterly address on Sunday, his subject being "The Cause of Moral Degradation and Its Effects on Nervous Diseases and Particularly Christian Science."

He said in part: There was a time when a man's word was as good as his bond, while today there is a question in one's mind as to every transaction in which he is concerned and he wonders whether the other is telling the truth. At times you are almost afraid to trust your own judgment. Fifty years ago, if a man came to you and offered you his place for fifty cents on the dollar, offering as a reason that he was financially embarrassed you would have taken his word without a suspicion of his honesty. How is it now? Well, you would take the second look, anyway before you would believe him.

What is the cause of this change from a high moral standard to this lower and baser level where a man's word is called into question wherever it is given. I will tell you this degeneracy is the price of our perjury and dishonesty. It is what I get for my dishonesty. That premium is present in almost every transaction of today.

Nearly every real estate transaction is false to the core. The same is true in all the ramifications of business life. Suppose you purchase a suit of clothes. In the window the most attractive display is made; the price is printed in large black letters, \$30; a red line is drawn through this and the price of \$20 is substituted. That is a lie and every thinking man knows it is a lie. The profit which this merchant makes as a result of this misrepresentation is the price of his perjury and moral degeneracy. Go into a dry goods store and you will see glaring advertisements stating that their goods are superior to any in the city; they are marked down for special sale, possibly a fire sale and yet you will find the same kind of goods in every particular in many other stores and possibly at a less cost. All of the stores

have cheap goods and if you are willing to pay the price they have good goods also. Every merchant knows that the quality of a certain priced piece of goods is precisely the same class as his neighbor. But they will work on your credulity and impress upon you that today is your opportunity; that such an opportunity will never come again, etc.

These people go to church on Sunday, pray to a God of their own creation, and then come back and all through the week prey on the gullible public.

It is the price of a lie that purchases the lie. You are paying the merchant to misrepresent his goods, you are setting a premium on falsehood which lays at the base of all crime. A lie is the whip handle of every crime.

You, my friend, follow the line of least resistance to you. Whether it has taken its place in an organism or is only floating around in space an atom will follow the line of least resistance. We all do what gratifies us in the easiest at least in what seems to us at the time the easiest possible way. The only concern which we have is to keep ourselves from being put behind the bars.

Apparently good men will do all kinds of things and justify themselves in the doing.

The elements of our bodies move in the line of least resistance. Steam bursts through the weakest place of the boiler. Every other element does precisely the same. Compound your elements into an organism, aggregate them into a multiplied organism and yet they will continue to follow this great dynamic, "The line of least resistance."

Your merchants find it easier to tell a lie for a larger profit than to tell the truth for a smaller profit.

Your business men will tell you that it is impossible to lead an honest and straightforward life and at the same time do a profitable business.

Your moral ideas, theories, impulses do not spring from a hope in the beyond, but rather from conditions here. So long as men seek to gratify desires by following the line of least resistance their standard of business conduct will be measured by the easiest way in which to pick up cash.

Go into an auction store; they will claim to have a high class of oriental rugs; full jeweled watches, diamond pointed fountain pens, etc.

They will take a rug and charge you \$3 per yard; they will tell you this is from a fire sale; they will even smoke it on purpose; put some water marks on it to indicate that it is genuine and the gullible public will pay \$4 for \$2 goods. There are stores in this city which have big signs "Selling out below cost; must sell out in sixty days; lease expires—must move." These stores carry on this kind of business month in and month out.

My friends this depravity in business is the death angel hanging over our country today. When the conditions in the commercial world beget such a condition we are in danger.

This constant, ceaseless struggle develops our insane asylums. In the olden days, once in a while a man would go crazy, occasionally one would be born crazy. Now we have three institutions in this state overflowing with insane inmates.

R. GILHOUSEN.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING WORK.

Unless continued wet weather prevents it, Supt. Lynch expects to complete all house connections promised for Christmas today; they are about 30 in number. A crew of a dozen men are at work. The yard work is well up and the construction of new lines and the changing of old ones is going ahead rapidly. Some of the old lines have to be rebuilt to answer present conditions and some temporary work is rendered necessary which is not in the satisfactory shape that it will be eventually, but meets present requirements and will be put in better shape when the rush of construction work is over. Poles are being set this week on Louise, Mary, Belmont and Cedar streets, also on a part of Third street. Four carloads of poles are to come in on Monday, making a total of seven received. Material has been removed from the wrecked Ayers building next the lumber yard to the Ayers stone building on the corner of Third and Glendale. Work is progressing rapidly on the transformer building, the walls being half up. Indications are that it will be completed within the forty-day time limit, which will be Jan. 20th, although wet weather may cause some unavoidable delay. Collections for light and power for the first month under the city administration amount to \$560, with about \$100 still unpaid. Being the first month the rule for delinquency as given in the ordinance regulating the same has not been enforced, but consumers will probably after this month be held down strictly to the rule regarding payments which are required by the 20th of every month, after which if unpaid, 10 per cent is added for delinquency.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON CLUB.

Due to the postponement of the At Home program, a program of music and reading will be given in Guild hall on the afternoon of December 28. The club has been most fortunate in securing for this program Mrs. Woods and Mr. Earl B. Valentine. The program will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock and will be for the club members and their guests.

We wish to thank you for your excellent patronage and wish you the happiest Xmas in the world :: :: :: ::

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THE WEATHER.

We have been having our share of winter for the past week; that is, such winter as we usually have in California. Following a frosty night when the mercury fell to about 30 degrees, rain fell Monday measuring by the gauge of Mr. H. C. Bartlett, one and thirteen one-hundredths inches; there was a fall of twelve one-hundredths more on Wednesday. Following the high drying winds of last week the moisture is doubly acceptable. Snow fell almost down to Crescenta and gives indications that none of the moisture falling on the higher altitudes went to waste. As we go press the weather is clear and cool.

Notice to Taxpayers

Remember that Monday next, December 27th, is the last day on which you can pay Glendale taxes before 15 per cent for delinquency is added.

T. W. DOYLE,
City Tax Collector

Dr. L. Wily Sinclair Dentist

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The Glendale News

GLENDAL, CAL., DECEMBER 25, 1909

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. Dr. Linscott for the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

Dec. 26th, 1909.

(Copyright, 1909, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)

The Birth of Christ—Matt. II:1-12.

Golden Text—And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. I:21.

Verse 1—Where is Bethlehem, the birth place of Jesus?

Where was the home of Mary and Joseph, the parents of Jesus, and how did it happen that they were at Bethlehem at this time?

What was the probable nationality of these "wise men"?

Verse 2—Is there any evidence, and if so what is it, which indicates that God, in past ages, has revealed himself to other peoples than those of Jewish origin?

Give your own idea of this star that the wise men saw, which indicated to them that a Jewish king had been born; was it objective or only subjective?

Were the wise men right in their opinion, that Jesus was "the King of the Jews," as they were in the fact of his birth?

Verse 3—What is the evidence for or against the idea that it was God's original intention for Jesus to be the literal King of the Jews, as the wise men stated, and as Herod feared?

Why should Herod and "all Jerusalem" be troubled at the announcement of the birth of a Jewish King?

Verses 4-6—What prophet is here referred to, and where in the Bible did these priests and scribes quote from?

Did the prophet they quoted from, and did these priests and scribes think that the expected Christ was to be an earthly King? Why?

Verse 7—What is it which makes diligent study, of a worthy subject, either noble or ignoble?

Verse 8—How would you describe a man with motive of Herod, when he sent these wise men off on their mission of finding Jesus?

What, if any, reason is there to believe that there are those to-day who attend church, and thus pretend they are earnestly seeking Jesus, who have practically the same motive as Herod had?

Verse 9—If a man to-day would see the Christ, what "star" does he need to follow to be sure of being led to him?

Give your reason for your idea whether it is to the favored few only that God sends a star or its equivalent, pointing to where Jesus may be found, or are all men similarly treated?

Verse 10—Mention some things which always produce joy, and then describe that which produces the greatest joy to mortals known? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Verse 11—What is the ground for certainty for the statement that those who really seek Jesus always find him?

What are the emotions which are stirred, the motives which are formed, and the deeds which are done by everyone who really seeks and finds Jesus?

Verse 12—Is there any liability that those who live in the presence of Jesus, will ever be duped into betraying Him or his cause?

Is the day of the supernatural guidance of God's children, past, or is there reason to believe that it is as operative as ever?

Lesson for Sunday, January 2, 1910.—John the Forerunner of Jesus. Matt. III:1-12.

The Very Simple Life.

Pierre Loti, the French author, always did like a practical joke. A French poet who had been advocating a return to the simple life decided one day to make the acquaintance of Loti. He left his village, he who never travels, stick in hand, to make the journey to Hendaye, the home of Loti, on foot. He prayed the celebrated novelist to receive him without ceremony; that he should be satisfied with a bowl of milk for his repast.

But he was much astonished when the novelist took him at his word. In the dining room on a table without cloth or napkin there was only an immense crock of milk.

The visitor showed some hesitation about beginning the feast. Meanwhile his host began to walk around the room like a bear in a cage, only interrupting his walk from time to time to take a long swig of milk from the crock. Without saying a word the host invited the astonished guest to imitate him.

The man of the simple life had found one more simple than himself, and he left the house convinced that the great novelist had become crazy.

Poor Dogs!

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs. Miss Youngthing—Indeed! Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Where Her Thoughts Were.

Daughter—To tell the truth, pa, I didn't think much of the close of the sermon. Father—Thought more of the clothes of the congregation, eh?

If a man wishes to be treated with courtesy he should show courtesy to others.

Her Little Bluff. "Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily—"Ethel, I have something to say to you."

They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not arrived when she did all the saying.

"Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?"

"Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it."

"Do you remember," he went on as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded as a guilty look crept into her face.

"How could you make me the victim of such a swindle?"

It Was Mistaken Charity.

The athletic girl had been out in the woods taking pictures, and at evening she started for the car, wearily lugging the camera and tripod. The cars were thronged with workmen returning to their homes, and she had to wait some time before there came one with even standing room inside. She pushed her way across the platform and just inside the doorway. The legs of the tripod rested on the floor at her side, and she was trying to brace herself against the door when a woman who had been sitting in the corner suddenly rose from her seat and gently but firmly pushed the young woman into it, with the remark, "Now you sit right there, you poor thing!"

The girl remained seated passively and looked puzzled for a moment. Then a dull flush covered her face. "How awful!" she thought. "That woman saw the tripod legs and thought they were crutches. She thinks I'm lame." Then she shrank back in the seat and tried not to show her face.—Exchange.

The Nerve of a Boy.

"Speaking of the nerve displayed by small boys," said a man who had a trip through the southwest, "reminds me of an incident that occurred in the Santa Ana mountains, in southern California. An eleven-year-old boy, a member of a family making their way to the coast, left the camp early one morning to stalk deer. He found tracks and had followed them until he was five or six miles from camp. In reaching up on a rock he disturbed a huge rattlesnake that was sunning himself, and the snake without warning struck, wounding the boy on the middle finger of his right hand. Knowing that unless prompt action was taken the wound would prove fatal, the youth placed the finger over the muzzle of the gun and pulled the trigger. Making a ligature above the wound to stop the flow of blood, he killed the snake and walked back to camp, where he fainted. The finger was blown off close to his hand, but he recovered."—Exchange.

Not Appreciated.

Apropos of the "delusion deep rooted in the minds of innumerable voters that a man can only be 'putting up for parliament' in order to better himself one way or another" and that no sacrifice has to be made by the candidate there is the speech that was made by Sir Richard Temple, who had returned poste haste from his duties in India, arriving after his own contest had begun. Sir Richard used words to the following effect, "I have traveled 8,000 miles and surrendered £5,000 a year for the privilege of representing this great constituency," but the proper sense of his generosity and public spirit was entirely marred by a remark from a loud voice in the crowd, "Oh, what a fool you must be!"—Ian Malcolm in Cornhill Magazine.

Money and Politics.

In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland George F. Parker tells a story of the prodigal expenditures in politics. A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William C. Whitney's advice. This is the advice: "Of course you ought to run. Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money."

Impossible.

Dr. Chagrem—Your friend needs vigorous treatment. I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him? Sympathetic Friend—That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money.—Exchange.

Police and Press.

It was Senator Everts who paid this compliment to the police of New York at an annual dinner of the force: "As compared with the press you exhibit a striking contrast. You know a great many things about our citizens that you don't tell, and the press tells a great many things about our citizens that it doesn't know."

Torture.

A cowboy stopped a stage full of passengers and made them all wait while he read a poem of thirty-two verses dedicated to his Mary Jane. There are some things as bad as shooting.—Argonaut.

The best excuses are never given.—French Proverb.

The Stuart Penny. A pamphlet published in 1677, entitled "The Worth of a Penny; or, A Caution to Keep Money, With the Causes of the Scarcity and Misery of the Want Thereof in These Hard and Merciless Times," contains a list of articles obtainable for a penny in the days of Charles II. These include "a dish of coffee to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits," "a fair cucumber" and "portions of such commodities as nuts, vinegar, grapes, cake, onions and oatmeal." The catalogue of pennyworths obtainable at an apothecary's is a lengthy one and includes "lettuce to make you sleep, mithridate to make you sweat and antidote, which may save your life in a fainting or swoond."

This in the way of recreation "for a penny you may see any monster, jack-anapes or those roaring boys, the lions; you may hear a most eloquent oration upon our English kings and queens if you listen to him who keeps monuments at Westminster; you may have all the news in England and other countries of murders, floods, witches, fires, tempests and what not in the weekly newspapers."—London Scraps.

The Mahogany Tree.

There is no such thing as a forest of mahogany. The mahogany tree lives by and for itself alone. It stands solitary of its species surrounded by the smaller trees and dense undergrowth of the tropical forest, bearing its head above its neighbors. Two trees to the acre is a liberal estimate for mahogany "finds." More frequently perhaps only one tree will be found over a larger stretch of territory. True mahogany is the only species of the Swietenia mahagoni, the name Swietenia having been given to it in honor of the celebrated Baron von Swieten, physician to Maria Theresa. It is distinctly a native of tropical America and frequently towers to a height of 100 feet, the trunk being often twelve feet in diameter. It is of exceedingly slow growth, and the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than 200 years. Occasionally small specimens have been found in southern Florida.

British Julius Caesars.

Julius Caesar, who on one of the closing days of August in 55 B. C. landed on the Kentish coast, has had many British namesakes, including a great cricketer, but the best known is Julius Caesar, master of the rolls under James I., about whom Lord Clarendon in the first volume of his history tells the amusing story, "Remember Caesar." The unpopular Earl of Portland sat up all night in a barricaded house with his friends and retainers armed to the teeth because he found in his pocket a slip of paper bidding him "Remember Caesar," which really had reference not to the assassination of the Roman statesman, but to some preferment promised to a son of Sir Julius Caesar. The tomb of Sir Julius Caesar, with a quaint epitaph in legal phraseology, is among the many curious monuments of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—London Family Herald.

Parent and Prodigal.

In a Hongkong paper a short time ago there appeared a paragraph reciting that a wealthy young Chinese whose mother controlled a large business in Canton had been spending the money of the firm too lavishly, the attraction of motorcars and other vehicles of extravagance being too powerful for him. After various endeavors to control him the mother at length prepared chains and fetters and had him locked up. He, however, escaped, and the irate mother announced her intention to exercise her maternal rights on his return by cutting the tendons of his ankles and thus crippling him. The account proceeded to say that this treatment is often resorted to by irate parents with prodigal sons.—From "China," by Mortimer Menpes and Sir Henry A. Blake.

Turtles of the Amazon.

The fresh water turtle of the Amazon grows to a great size, especially on the upper river, where full grown ones three feet in length, two in width and weighing 200 pounds are often seen. Every house has its little pond or corral to hold a stock of these animals through the season of dearth, the wet months. Those who have Indians in their employ send them out for a month when the waters are low to select a stock; others purchase their supply.

Knew of One.

"Suggestion? H'm! Did you ever hear of a real cure effected by 'suggestion'?"

"I personally knew of one. I once suggested to a young fellow that if he didn't want to have a big dog chasing him off the premises he'd better quit coming to my house, and it cured him of the habit."—Chicago Tribune.

Something Left.

Brown (at the club)—Yes, by Jove, there's very little you can teach me. I've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything. The Scotch Member—Young man, did you ever have D. T.'s? Brown—D. T.'s? Great Scott, no! The Scotch Member—Then you've seen nowt.—Sketch.

Sarcasm.

"I can recommend this horse, sir," said a dealer, "as a strong, sound animal."

"It must be," agreed the customer, "to have attained its present age!"

A Cinch.

Dubbins—Do you know where I can find a lot facing south? Stubbins—Why not try around the north pole? That's a very likely place.—Jude.

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GLENDAL CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Presbyterian, Fourth street and Cedar. Rev. S. L. Ward. Sunday services: Sunday School, 10 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; song service, 7:30 p. m.; Y. F. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer meeting.

First M. E., Third street and Dayton. Rev. J. F. Humphrey. Sunday services: Bible School, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Epworth League, 7:30 p. m. Thursday evening, people's meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Baptist, Louise street, corner Third. Rev. J. F. Moody. Sunday services: Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Young People's Society, 4:45 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.

Episcopal, St. Mark's, Fourth street, corner 10th. Rev. Milton S. Runkle. Sunday services: Sunday School, 10 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. Song service last Sunday evening in month.

Seventh Day Adventist, Gymnasium Building, Saginaw. Sabbath School, 10 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting, 7:30. All cordially invited.

Christian Church, Sixth and Louise streets. Rev. J. W. Utter. Sunday services: Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.

Catholic, Seventh street. Rev. J. S. O'Neil. Sunday service: Mass, 9 a. m. Sunday School follows.

Notice to Glendale Library Patrons

The Glendale Public Library is open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 1 to 9 o'clock p. m.

Mrs. J. C. DANFORD, Librarian.

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GLENDAL, CAL., DECEMBER 25, 1909

"Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men."

Read that Christmas story on page four, by Frank H. Sweet. It is worth while.

The Ballinger-Pinchot row is to be investigated by a congressional committee. Let us fervently hope that it will not produce such a crop of perjurers as has the North Pole controversy.

Beware of the man with one idea. It is in itself proof that his brain is overworked in one particular spot and that the rest is out of balance. Ours is a manifold nature and this is a world of infinite variety. We must meet it as is—the preparation for a world of our own making will not help us much in the one that the Almighty fashioned.

We have received a copy of the Rivers News, published by Mr. W. H. Feeler. We welcome Mr. Feeler into the clanship of the country press. His paper bears evidence of being "worth while" and we have no doubt that it will fill a long-felt want.

The unspeakable Leopold of Belgium is dead and probably no ruler upon earth could pass away amid such an utter absence of regret. The church uttered the time-worn platitude about his being a "Defender of the Faithful," which gives one a new and rather heterodox idea as to whom the faithful may be; for it seems not to be recorded that he ever defended anything or any one that was worthy.

The San Fernando Valley Press comes to us this week as a special Christmas edition with attractive cover appropriate to the season and contents to match. It is creditable to the enterprising publisher, Brother Crooks, and to our neighboring town, which it follows the lead of its newspaper, will soon begin to work up to that place of importance which it no doubt is destined to assume.

Gipsy Smith, a misguided evangelist, after inveighing luridly against the "Red Light" district in Chicago, led a procession of his followers through that detectable section of the Windy City singing hymns and shouting "Hallelujahs." The performance interested the doubtful denizens of the district probably but how it advanced the cause of morality or religion has not yet been disclosed.

The great American fault which consists in taking people at their own valuation, seems to have had a striking exemplification in the case of Dr. Cook. Because he possessed the manner of a gentleman, his story was accepted without anything in the way of proof. It will be difficult to turn to I-told-you-so Peary, with any decent simulation of enthusiasm and place any second-hand laurels on his corrugated brow. The hero worshipers seem to have lost an idol.

Mayor Alexander's selections for commission appointments in Los Angeles as thus far announced, seem to be very good ones. The appointment of T. E. Gibbon for a position on the harbor commission, is particularly commendable. Mr. Gibbon is probably one of the best posted men on the coast in regard to railroads, transportation and harbors. He came to Los Angeles some twenty years ago as attorney for the Terminal Railroad company (now part of the Salt Lake system) and was a prominent and influential figure in the fight for the San Pedro breakwater appropriation as against the claims of Santa Monica. He has since degenerated into a reform editor, but he ought to be able to give good service to the city, notwithstanding this handicap!

SOUTH PASADENA POOL ROOM CASE.

South Pasadena pool room case promises to be a celebrated one. That city has an ordinance prohibiting pool rooms, similar to the one that Glendale's trustees adopted some months ago. Nearly two years ago a man named Murphy was convicted of keeping a pool room there in violation of this ordinance. The lawyers took the case to the Supreme Court of the state

and the decision of the lower court was confirmed. Now the case goes to the Supreme Court of the United States, the lawyers for Murphy contending that the ordinance is contrary to the constitution of the United States in that it interferes with a citizen in carrying on a pleasure resort which is not in itself harmful. It is therefore not on the same basis as a business which is in itself harmful or objectionable, the right to the regulation of which by the municipality is not denied.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

It is here again, that season of good fellowship, good will, peace to all men. It does not bring them altogether; not yet has the promise blossomed into perfect flower and fruitage, but every Christmas sees it more nearly universal than before. How differently we see it from our various view points, orthodox, heterodox, rank infidel! And yet the real spirit of the season enters into the life of every one, saint and scoffer much the same. It is not the theological Christmas only that pervades the world; it does not belong to a sect, it is the universal heartbeat of humanity attuned to the chord of love. We do not care whether the world celebrates upon the proper date in the month or whether December is the right month even; we may believe with much exactness and particularity as to detail, but if we only believe in a general way that the Christ was born and that at this particular time the law of love must prevail; if we recognize even for a day the great fact of the universal brotherhood of man, how much better the world is for it!

FOOTBALL AND OTHER ATHLETICS.

Notwithstanding that ex-President Roosevelt and some other high authorities still defend the game of football with all its brutal features, we notice that it is being barred from many of the schools where it was formerly considered quite the proper thing. Aside from the question of its unnecessary rough features as played at present, there is another objection made to it as a college adjunct which seems to us to be a weighty one and that is that although it may be a means of developing physical strength, quickness in action and other manly attributes, this development applies to only the select few who actually participate in the games, while the crowds who throng the bleachers have no opportunity for exercising anything except their lungs. This objection applies not only to football but to other team games; the few get the opportunity for excessive physical development while the many receive no benefit from them. It does not follow, of course, that they should be abolished for this reason, but it can readily be seen that a school may acquire a reputation for athletic development judged by its high record in team work, but at the same time be weak in actual work of development among the students at large. Physical exercise should be required of every student along proper lines of development and the real value is not to be judged by the record made by the chosen few along special lines.

THE APPOINTMENT OF GAGE.

President Taft has nominated Henry T. Gage of Los Angeles for the post of minister of Portugal. With his knowledge of the Spanish language and his fine legal ability, Mr. Gage ought to make a good representative of our government. He made one of the poorest governors that California ever had, but in his position at the court in Lisbon, he will have little to do with the question of patronage which was his bane when he filled the position of governor. Mr. Gage is a man of pleasing personality and even his political opponents will join in congratulating him and wishing him success in the field of diplomacy. And then there is consolation in the thought that for a brief period at least the Acton Rooster will not nominate him for anything. That paper which is edited up around the bay somewhere but is published occasionally at Acton in this county, generally has the name of Henry T. Gage at the head of its editorial columns as its candidate for some high office. Its editor, R. E. Nickel, was an original Gage man in the gubernatorial campaign and being a personal friend of Mr. Gage, was rewarded with the position of port warden in San Francisco. After Gage was defeated in the contest for renomination, Nickel nominated him for vice president on the national ticket, but nobody seconded the nomination. When we last saw a copy of the ROOSTER it had the name of Gage up for senator. Nickel has good staying qualities, and will no doubt put Mr. Gage in nomination for president if he ever returns from Portugal.

A SERIOUS SET-BACK.

The petition sent in to the trustees Wednesday evening against the opening of Childs avenue, signed by a large number of property owners in the section to be most directly benefited, we cannot but regard as a serious step backward for the portion of Glendale east of Adams street. If it was a fin-

ality there would be no chance to question that this would be the effect. However, we hope that it only means delay. It is a discouraging proposition which the trustees are confronted with. On a petition signed by a majority of frontage owners, money is taken out of the general fund to pay for the preliminary work of advertising and posting notice in regard to intention, then when it begins to look as if the work was actually to be done, a number of the property owners who signed the first petition append their names to another demanding that nothing further be done in the matter. The query naturally arises, what do the property owners want? We understand that the question of storm water was injected into the street matter in a way which brought about the final action of property owners up to date. If such was the case, we believe the mistake of the protestants was made through lack of knowledge. If property owners along the Childs tract line want a road, they should take steps to get one at once and take up the storm water matter separately. Glendale has been incorporated nearly four years and the growth made during that time has been almost entirely east of Adams street. This has not been due altogether to the better transportation facilities on the West Side. As evidence of the truth of this it is only necessary to point to the building up of the neighborhood around Second and Third streets and Verdugo road. Most of the houses built there have been put up before the Eagle Rock railway line was completed. But with the exception of this and the building up of Fifth street following upon its improvement, there has been very little growth east of Adams street, and yet that street marks very nearly the geographical center of the city. From Adams street to the easterly city limits, a distance of nearly a mile, there is but one thoroughfare running north and south, and that is Verdugo Road. It is impossible for this section to make any considerable growth under present conditions; it is a most desirable section from the home builder's point of view, but it is handicapped as long as it lacks roads and it will stand still until it gets them. The route along the Childs tract line is so manifestly a necessity for the upbuilding of this portion of Glendale that the shortsightedness of property owners who want to dispose of all or any portion of their holdings, is incomprehensible. Every property owner in our city who feels the necessary burden of taxation and wishes to see it made lighter, should reflect that the simplest way to accomplish that object is to induce other home makers to come here and share it with us. Every additional dollar's worth of property brought into our city and remaining as an asset, is added to the tax roll and lessens by so much the amount which every citizen has to pay. If any section of the city remains undeveloped it is a misfortune especially to those owning property in that vicinity and generally to the whole community.

Correspondence

SOCIALISM.

(Contributed)

Job Harriman gave a masterly address on Sunday, his subject being "The Cause of Moral Degradation and Its Effects on Nervous Diseases and Particularly Christian Science."

He said in part: There was a time when a man's word was as good as his bond, while today there is a question in one's mind as to every transaction in which he is concerned and he wonders whether the other is telling the truth. At times you are almost afraid to trust your own judgment. Fifty years ago, if a man came to you and offered you his place for fifty cents on the dollar, offering as a reason that he was financially embarrassed you would have taken his word without a suspicion of his honesty. How is it now? Well, you would take the second look, anyway before you would believe him.

What is the cause of this change from a high moral standard to this lower and baser level where a man's word is called into question wherever it is given. I will tell you this degeneration is the price of our perfidy and dishonesty. It is what I get for my dishonesty. That premium is present in almost every transaction of today.

Nearly every real estate transaction is false to the core. The same is true in all the ramifications of business life. Suppose you purchase a suit of clothes. In the window the most attractive display is made; the price is printed in large black letters, \$30; a red line is drawn through this and the price of \$20 is substituted. That is a lie and every thinking man knows it is a lie. The profit which this merchant makes as a result of this misrepresentation is the price of his perfidy and moral degeneracy. Go into a dry goods store and you will see glaring advertisements stating that their goods are superior to any in the city; they are marked down for special sale, possibly a fire sale and yet you will find the same kind of goods in every particular in many other stores and possibly at a less cost. All of the stores

have cheap goods and if you are willing to pay the price they have good goods also. Every merchant knows that the quality of a certain priced piece of goods is precisely the same class as his neighbor. But they will work on your credulity and impress upon you that today is your opportunity; that such an opportunity will never come again, etc.

These people go to church on Sunday, pray to a God of their own creation, and then come back and all through the week prey on the gullible public.

It is the price of a lie that purchases the lie. You are paying the merchant to misrepresent his goods, you are setting a premium on falsehood which lays at the base of all crime. A lie is the whip handle of every crime.

You, my friend, follow the line of least resistance to you. Whether it has taken its place in an organism or is only floating around in space an atom will follow the line of least resistance. We all do what gratifies us in the easiest at least in what seems to us at the time the easiest possible way. The only concern which we have is to keep ourselves from being put behind the bars.

Apparently good men will do all kinds of things and justify themselves in the doing.

The elements of our bodies move in the line of least resistance. Steam bursts through the weakest place of the boiler. Every other element does precisely the same. Compound your elements into an organism, aggregate them into a multiplied organism and yet they will continue to follow this great dynamic, "The line of least resistance."

Your merchants find it easier to tell a lie for a larger profit than to tell the truth for a smaller profit.

Your business men will tell you that it is impossible to lead an honest and straightforward life and at the same time do a profitable business.

Your moral ideas, theories, impulses do not spring from a hope in the beyond, but rather from conditions here. So long as men seek to gratify desires by following the line of least resistance their standard of business conduct will be measured by the easiest way in which to pick up cash.

Go into an auction store; they will claim to have a high class of oriental rugs; full jeweled watches, diamond pointed fountain pens, etc.

They will take a rug and charge you \$3 per yard; they will tell you this is from a fire sale; they will even smoke it on purpose; put some water marks on it to indicate that it is genuine and the gullible public will pay \$4 for \$2 goods. There are stores in this city which have big signs "Selling out below cost; must sell out in sixty days; last express—must move." These stores carry on this kind of business month in and month out.

My friends this depravity in business is the death angel hanging over our country today. When the conditions in the commercial world beget such a condition we are in danger.

This constant, ceaseless struggle develops our insane asylums. In the olden days, once in a while a man would go crazy, occasionally one would be born crazy. Now we have three institutions in this state overflowing with insane inmates.

R. GILHOUSEN.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING WORK.

Unless continued wet weather prevents it, Supt. Lynch expects to complete all house connections promised for Christmas today; they are about 20 in number. A crew of a dozen men are at work. The yard work is well up and the construction of new lines and the changing of old ones is going ahead rapidly. Some of the old lines have to be rebuilt to answer present conditions and some temporary work is rendered necessary which is not in the satisfactory shape that it will be eventually, but meets present requirements and will be put in better shape when the rush of construction work is over. Poles are being set this week on Louise, Mary, Belmont and Cedar streets, also on a part of Third street. Four carloads of poles are to come in on Monday, making a total of seven received. Material has been removed from the wrecked Ayers building next the lumber yard to the Ayers stone building on the corner of Third and Glendale. Work is progressing rapidly on the transformer building, the walls being half up. Indications are that it will be completed within the forty-day time limit, which will be Jan. 20th, although wet weather may cause some unavoidable delay. Collections for light and power for the first month under the city administration amount to \$560, with about \$100 still unpaid. Being the first month the rule for delinquency as given in the ordinance regulating the same has not been enforced, but consumers will probably after this month be held down strictly to the rule regarding payments which are required by the 20th of every month, after which if unpaid, 10 per cent is added for delinquency.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON CLUB.

Due to the postponement of the At Home program, a program of music and reading will be given in Guild hall on the afternoon of December 28. The club has been most fortunate in securing for this program Mrs. Woods and Mr. Earl B. Valentine. The program will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock and will be for the club members and their guests.

We wish to thank you for your excellent patronage and wish you the happiest Xmas in the world :: :: :: ::

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THE WEATHER.

We have been having our share of winter for the past week; that is, such winter as we usually have in California. Following a frosty night when the mercury fell to about 30 degrees, rain fell Monday measuring by the gauge of Mr. H. C. Bartlett, one and thirteen one-hundredths inches; there was a fall of twelve one-hundredths more on Wednesday. Following the high drying winds of last week the moisture is doubly acceptable. Snow fell almost down to Crescenta and gives indications that none of the moisture falling on the higher altitudes went to waste. As we go press the weather is clear and cool.

Notice to Taxpayers

Remember that Monday next, December 27th, is the last day on which you can pay Glendale taxes before 15 per cent for delinquency is added.

T. W. DOV
City Tax Collector

Dr. L. Wily Sinclair

Dentist
HURTT BLOCK, GLENDAL, CAL.
Hours: 9 to 12; 1 to 4
Office Phone, Sunset Glendale 1421
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Watson Block
Fourth St. and Glendale Ave.

If you cannot call at the office please call Sunset 501 or Home 684.

The Glendale News

GLENDAL, CAL., DECEMBER 25, 1909

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. Dr. Linscott for the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

Dec. 26th, 1909.

(Copyright, 1909, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)

The Birth of Christ—Matt. II:1-12.

Golden Text—And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. I:21.

Verse 1—Where is Bethlehem, the birth place of Jesus?

Where was the home of Mary and Joseph, the parents of Jesus, and how did it happen that they were at Bethlehem at this time?

What was the probable nationality of these "wise men"?

Verse 2—Is there any evidence, and if so what is it, which indicates that God, in past ages, has revealed himself to other peoples than those of Jewish origin?

Give your own idea of this star that the wise men saw, which indicated to them that a Jewish king had been born; was it objective or only subjective?

Verse 3—What is the evidence for or against the idea that it was God's original intention for Jesus to be the literal King of the Jews, as the wise men stated, and as Herod feared?

Why should Herod and "all Jerusalem" be troubled at the announcement of the birth of a Jewish King?

Verse 4—What prophet is here referred to, and where in the Bible did these priests and scribes quote from?

Did the prophet they quoted from, and did these priests and scribes think that the expected Christ was to be an earthly King? Why?

Verse 5—What is it which makes diligent study, of a worthy subject, either noble or ignoble?

Verse 6—How would you describe a man with motive of Herod, when he sent these wise men off on their mission of finding Jesus?

What, if any, reason is there to believe that there are those to-day who attend church, and thus pretend they are earnestly seeking Jesus, who have practically the same motive as Herod had?

Verse 7—If a man to-day would see the Christ, what "star" does he need to follow to be sure of being led to him?

Give your reason for your idea whether it is to the favored few only that God sends a star or its equivalent, pointing to where Jesus may be found, or are all men similarly treated?

Verse 8—Mention some things which always produce joy, and then describe that which produces the greatest joy to mortals known? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Verse 9—What is the ground for certainty for the statement that those who really seek Jesus always find him?

What are the emotions which are stirred, the motives which are formed, and the deeds which are done by everyone who really seeks and finds Jesus?

Verse 10—Is there any liability that those who live in the presence of Jesus, will ever be duped into betraying him or his cause?

Is the day of the supernatural guidance of God's children, past, or is there reason to believe that it is as operative as ever?

Lesson for Sunday, January 2, 1910.—John the Forerunner of Jesus. Matt. III:1-12.

The Very Simple Life.

Pierre Loti, the French author, always did like a practical joke. A French poet who had been advocating a return to the simple life decided one day to make the acquaintance of Loti.

He left his village, he who never travels, stick in hand, to make the journey to Hendaye, the home of Loti, on foot. He prayed the celebrated novelist to receive him without ceremony; that he should be satisfied with a bowl of milk for his repast.

But he was much astonished when the novelist took him at his word. In the dining room on a table without cloth or napkin there was only an immense crock of milk.

The visitor showed some hesitation about beginning the feast. Meanwhile his host began to walk around the room like a bear in a cage, only interrupting his walk from time to time to take a long swig of milk from the crock. Without saying a word the host invited the astonished guest to imitate him.

The man of the simple life had found one more simple than himself, and he left the house convinced that the great novelist had become crazy.

Poor Dogs!

Returned Explorer—Yes; the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs.

Miss Youngthing—Indeed! Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Where Her Thoughts Were.

Daughter—To tell the truth, pa, I didn't think much of the close of the sermon; Father—Thought more of the clothes of the congregation, eh?

If a man wishes to be treated with courtesy he should show courtesy to others.

Her Little Bluff.

"Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily—"Ethel, I have something to say to you."

They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not arrived when she did all the saying.

"Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?"

"Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it."

"Do you remember," he went on as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?"

"How could I what?" she responded as a guilty look crept into her face.

"How could you make me the victim of such a swindle?"

It Was Mistaken Charity.

The athletic girl had been out in the woods taking pictures, and at evening she started for the car, wearily lugging the camera and tripod. The cars were thronged with workmen returning to their homes, and she had to wait some time before there came one with even standing room inside. She pushed her way across the platform and just inside the doorway. The legs of the tripod rested on the floor at her side, and she was trying to brace herself against the door when a woman who had been sitting in the corner suddenly rose from her seat and gently but firmly pushed the young woman into it, with the remark, "Now you sit right there, you poor thing!"

The girl remained seated passively and looked puzzled for a moment. Then a dull flush covered her face.

"How awful!" she thought. "That woman saw the tripod legs and thought they were crutches. She thinks I'm lame." Then she shrank back in the seat and tried not to show her face.—Exchange.

The Nerve of a Boy.

"Speaking of the nerve displayed by small boys," said a man who had a trip through the southwest, "reminds me of an incident that occurred in the Santa Ana mountains, in southern California. An eleven-year-old boy, a member of a family making their way to the coast, left the camp early one morning to stalk deer. He found tracks and had followed them until he was five or six miles from camp. In reaching up on a rock he disturbed a huge rattlesnake that was sunning himself, and the snake without warning struck, wounding the boy on the middle finger of his right hand. Knowing that unless prompt action was taken the wound would prove fatal, the youth placed the finger over the muzzle of the gun and pulled the trigger. Making a ligature above the wound to stop the flow of blood, he killed the snake and walked back to camp, where he fainted. The finger was blown off close to his hand, but he recovered."—Exchange.

Not Appreciated.

Apropos of the "delusion deep rooted in the minds of innumerable voters that a man can only be 'putting up for parliament' in order to better himself one way or another" and that no sacrifice has to be made by the candidate there is the speech that was made by Sir Richard Temple, who had returned poste haste from his duties in India, arriving after his own contest had begun. Sir Richard used words to the following effect, "I have traveled 8,000 miles and surrendered £5,000 a year for the privilege of representing this great constituency," but the proper sense of his generosity and public spirit was entirely marred by a remark from a loud voice in the crowd, "Oh, what a fool you must be!"—Ian Malcolm in Cornhill Magazine.

Money and Politics.

In his reminiscences of Grover Cleveland George F. Parker tells a story of the prodigal expenditures in politics. A rich man who had been nibbling at the Democratic nomination for governor of New York asked William C. Whitney's advice. This is the advice: "Of course you ought to run. Make your preliminary canvass, and when you have put in \$200,000 you will have become so much interested in it that you will feel like going ahead and spending some money."

Impossible.

Dr. Chagrem—Your friend needs vigorous treatment. I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him? Sympathetic Friend—That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money.—Exchange.

Police and Press.

It was Senator Evans who paid this compliment to the police of New York at an annual dinner of the force: "As compared with the press you exhibit a striking contrast. You know a great many things about our citizens that you don't tell, and the press tells a great many things about our citizens that it doesn't know."

Torture.

A cowboy stopped a stage full of passengers and made them all wait while he read a poem of thirty-two verses dedicated to his Mary Jane. There are some things as bad as shooting.—Argonaut.

The Best Excuses are never given.

French Proverb.

The Stuart Penny.

A pamphlet published in 1677, entitled "The Worth of a Penny; or, A Caution to Keep Money, With the Causes of the Scarcity and Misery of the Want Thereof in These Hard and Merciless Times," contains a list of articles obtainable for a penny in the days of Charles II. These include "a dish of coffee to quicken your stomach and refresh your spirits," "a fair cucumber" and "portions of such commodities as nuts, vinegar, grapes, cake, onions and oatmeal." The catalogue of pennyworths obtainable at an apothecary's is a lengthy one and includes "lettuce to make you sleep, mithridate to make you sweat and aniseed, which may save your life in a fainting or swoond."

This in the way of recreation "for a penny you may see any monster, jack-anapes or those roaring boys, the lions; you may hear a most eloquent oration upon our English kings and queens if you listen to him who keeps monuments at Westminster; you may have all the news in England and other countries of murders, floods, witches, fires, tempests and what not in the weekly newbooks."—London Scraps.

The Mahogany Tree.

There is no such thing as a forest of mahogany. The mahogany tree lives by and for itself alone. It stands solitary of its species surrounded by the smaller trees and dense undergrowth of the tropical forest, rearing its head above its neighbors. Two trees to the acre is a liberal estimate for mahogany "finds." Many frequently perhaps only one tree will be found over a larger stretch of territory. True mahogany is the only species of the Swietenia mahogani, the name Swietenia having been given to it in honor of the celebrated Baron von Swieten, physician to Maria Theresa. It is distinctly a native of tropical America and frequently towers to a height of 100 feet, the trunk being often twelve feet in diameter. It is of exceedingly slow growth, and the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than 200 years. Occasionally small specimens have been found in southern Florida.

British Julius Caesars.

Julius Caesar, who on one of the closing days of August in 55 B. C. landed on the Kentish coast, has had many British namesakes, including a great cricketer, but the best known is Julius Caesar, master of the rolls under James I., about whom Lord Clarendon in the first volume of his history tells the amusing story, "Remember Caesar." The unpopular Earl of Portland sat up all night in a barricaded house with his friends and retainers armed to the teeth because he found in his pocket a slip of paper bidding him "Remember Caesar," which really had reference not to the assassination of the Roman statesman, but to some preferment promised to a son of Sir Julius Caesar. The tomb of Sir Julius Caesar, with a quaint epitaph in legal phraseology, is among the many curious monuments of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—London Family Herald.

Parent and Prodigal.

In a Hongkong paper a short time ago there appeared a paragraph reciting that a wealthy young Chinese whose mother controlled a large business in Canton had been spending the money of the firm too lavishly, the attraction of motorcars and other vehicles of extravagance being too powerful for him. After various endeavors to control him the mother at length prepared chains and fetters and had him locked up. He, however, escaped, and the irate mother announced her intention to exercise her maternal rights on his return by cutting the tendons of his ankles and thus crippling him. The account proceeded to say that this treatment is often resorted to by irate parents with prodigal sons.—From "China," by Mortimer Menpes and Sir Henry A. Blake.

Turtles of the Amazon.

The fresh water turtle of the Amazon grows to a great size, especially on the upper river, where full grown ones three feet in length, two in width and weighing 200 pounds are often seen. Every house has its little pond or corral to hold a stock of these animals through the season of dearth, the wet months. Those who have Indians in their employ send them out for a month when the waters are low to select a stock; others purchase their supply.

Knew of One.

"Suggestion? H'm! Did you ever hear of a real cure effected by 'suggestion'?"

"I personally knew of one. I once suggested to a young fellow that if he didn't want to have a big dog chasing him off the premises he'd better quit coming to my house, and it cured him of the habit."—Chicago Tribune.

Something Left.

Brown (at the club)—Yes, by Jove, there's very little you can teach me. I've been everywhere, done everything, seen everything. The Scotch Member—Young man, did ye ever have D. T.'s? Brown—D. T.'s! Great Scott, no! The Scotch Member—Then ye've seen nowt.—Sketch.

Sarcastic.

"I can recommend this horse, sir," said a dealer, "as a strong, sound animal."

"It must be," agreed the customer, "to have attained its present age!"

A Cinch.

Dubbins—Do you know where I can find a lot facing south? Stubbins—Why not try around the north pole? That's a very likely place.—Judge.

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It was the night before Christmas—and stormy.

"Squash, squash!" went the wheels of the carriage in the mud.

"Whew-ew-ew!" whistled the wind. And it blew Peter's hat out into the middle of the road.

"Whoa!" yelled Peter and climbed down from his high seat.

The princess poked her head out of the window. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"My hat blew off," Peter told her, "and the wheel is stuck in the mud, miss."

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" the princess chided. "You must get that wheel out of the mud at once."

"Which is easier said than done," Peter grumbled. "It's that dark I can't see my hand before me."

"There's a light back there among the trees," the princess informed him. "Perhaps you could get some one to help you."

"I'll go and see, miss, if you ain't afraid to stay alone," said Peter, after

some effort succeeding in quieting the plunging horses.

"I am dreadfully afraid," she admitted shiveringly, "but I suppose you will have to go."

Now, in the middle of the pine grove was a little cottage. Peter knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked a childish voice, and a little girl poked her head out of the square window.

"Our wheel is stuck in the mud," Peter answered from the dark, "and I want to get a man to help me."

"There isn't any man here," Jenny informed him. "There is only me and Jessie, and our mother has gone to nurse a sick neighbor, and she won't be home until morning."

So Peter went back to the carriage and reported to the princess.

"I shall freeze out here," said the princess. "I will go up to the house and sit by the fire while you look for some one to help you with the carriage."

She climbed out of the carriage, and with Peter in the lead she plodded through the woods, and the wind blew her long coat this way and that, and at last, wet and panting, she came to the little house.

And once more Peter knocked, and once more Jenny came to the window. Then she flung the door wide open, and so tall was the princess that she had to stoop to enter it. It was a dingy little room, and there was a dumpy little stove in the corner, with a bubbling iron pot that gave forth a most appetizing odor.

"Oh, oh, how nice and warm it is!" said the princess as she held out her hands to the fire.

In all their lives the little girls had never beheld such a wonderful person, for the princess wore a long red cloak and a black velvet hat, with a waving plume, and her muffs were big and round and soft, and she had a scarf of the same soft fur about her neck. Her hair was pale gold, and she had the bluest eyes and the reddest lips, and her smile was so sweet and tender that Jenny ran right up to her and cried, "Oh, I am so glad that you came!"

Jessie from her little chair echoed her sister's words. But she did not run, for there was a tiny crutch beside Jessie's chair in the square window.

"And I am glad to be here," said the princess, whose quick eyes were taking in the details of the shabby room.

"It's so nice and warm and cozy," "Isn't it?" said Jenny happily. "And we are getting ready for tomorrow."

On a small round table beside Jessie's chair was a tiny cedar bush, and Jessie's fingers had been busy with



THAT BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS

BY FRANK H. SWEET

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bits of gold and blue and scarlet paper.

"We are going to pop some popcorn," Jenny explained, "and string it and hang it on the tree."

"Oh, may I help?" the princess asked. "I haven't popped any corn since I was a little girl."

Jessie clasped her thin little hands. "I think it would be the loveliest thing in the world," she said, "if you would stay."

"Peter is going to find some one to help with the carriage, and I will stay until he comes back."

And when Peter had gone the princess slipped off the long red cloak, and underneath it she wore a shining silken gown, and around her neck was a collar of pearls.

"And now if you will lend me an apron," she said, "we will pop the corn."

But Jessie and Jennie were gazing at her speechless.

"Oh, you must be a fairy princess!" gasped little Jessie at last.

The beautiful lady laughed joyously. "Peter calls me the princess," she said. "He has lived with me ever since I was a little girl. But really I am just an everyday young woman and am going to spend Christmas with some friends in the next town."

She dismissed the subject with a wave of her hand.

"And now to our popcorn," she said. Jenny brought a green gingham apron, and the princess tied the apron on, making a big butterfly bow of the strings in the back, and then she danced over to the dumpy little stove and peeped into the bubbling pot.

"Did you ever smell anything so good?" she asked. "I am as hungry as a bear."

The little girls laughed joyously. "It's bean soup," Jenny said, "and we are going to have it for supper, with some little dumplings in it. I was afraid it wasn't nice enough for you."

"Nice enough!" the delighted lady exclaimed. "I think bean soup and little dumplings are—um—um!" And she flung out her hands expressively.

"I thought," Jessie remarked faintly, "that fairy princesses only ate honey and dew."

"Which shows that I am not a true princess," said the beautiful lady, "for honey and dew would never satisfy me."

Jenny got out three little blue bowls and set them on a table that was spread with a coarse but spotless cloth. There were a crusty loaf and clover sweet butter, and last and best of all there were the bean soup and the bobbing little dumplings served together in an old mulberry tureen.

It was perfectly wonderful to see the princess in her shining gown at

the head of the table, and little lame Jessie said: "You were just sent to us for Christmas. Why, it's just like—"

"The night before Christmas, when all through the house—"

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care.

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds.

While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.

"But our stockings weren't hung yet, and we weren't in bed," said Jenny.

"It was too early for that," said the



princess, "but let's go on with the rhyme, just for fun. I see you know it all through, so you mustn't mind my changing it a little."

"When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

Jenny sprang from her chair to see what was the matter.

Away to the window she flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

When what to her wondering eyes should appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer!

"Oh, no; I forgot! I mean—"

"When what to her wondering eyes should appear

But a carriage stuck in the mud right out here

And a little old driver, so lively and quick

You must have thought Peter was dear

Old St. Nick."

The children laughed gleefully, and Jenny said: "We would have thought that, only we aren't going to hang up our stockings this Christmas at all. Jessie and I aren't going to get any presents, for mother hasn't been well, and she couldn't get any sewing. But she said we could make our Christmas merry, and we were to pretend that we had been to the big stores in the city and had bought things for the tree and dolls and everything."

"That's a lovely way," said the princess gently, and she laid her hand, with its flashing rings, over Jessie's thin ones.

"And we are going to pretend," Jessie said, "that our chicken is turkey."

"Quietly, quietly, Peter," warned the princess.

But we won't have to pretend about the mince pie, for mother has made a lovely one."

"I wish I could help you eat the chicken," said the princess wistfully, "and I should like to meet your mother. I know she is lovely. And I haven't any mother, you know."

"Oh!" said the little girls, round eyed with sympathy. And then the princess told them that all her life she had lived in a big, lonely house and she had always yearned for a cozy home and for a sister.

After supper they popped the corn, and just as they finished in came Peter.

"I can't find any one to help, miss," he announced, "and it's snowing. I'll have to unhitch the horses and go back to town and get something to take you over in."

"No," the princess demurred as she stood in the middle of the room with a heaped up dish of snowy kernels in her hand. "No, Peter, I'm going to stay here all night."

Peter stared, and the little girls cried, "Oh, will you?"

And the princess said: "I really will. And, Peter, you can bring up the steamer trunk and my bag."

"Won't your friends expect you, miss?" Peter inquired, as if awaiting orders.

"I will send a note by you," was the calm response. And as the man went out she followed him and shut the door behind her. "Oh, Peter, Peter!" she whispered confidentially. "I am going to give them such a Christmas!"

"The little girls, miss?"

"Yes. They are so sweet and brave! And I have the presents in my trunk that I was going to carry to the other children. But they will have so much that they won't miss them, and I shall spend my Christmas in a plain little house, but it will be a joyful house, Peter."

"Yes, miss," Peter agreed understandingly.

"I wish we had a big tree," said the princess regretfully.

"Well, leave that to me, miss," Peter told her eagerly. "You just get them little things to sleep early, and I'll be here with a tree."

"Oh, Peter, Peter—Santa Claus!" exclaimed the princess gleefully. "It will

be the nicest Christmas that I have had since I was a wee bit of a girl."

So Peter went away, and the princess, with her eyes shining like stars, danced back into the room and said, "Oh, let's play mariners!"

Jessie and Jenny had never heard of such a game, but the princess told them that she was a ship on the high seas and that they were to tell from her cargo what country she hailed from.

"I carry tea," she began. "Where do I hail from?"

"China," guessed Jenny.

"No."

"Japan," cried Jessie, with her little face glowing.

"No."

Then the little girls pondered. "It might be India," ventured Jenny, but the princess shook her head. Then Jessie cried, "It's Ceylon!" And that was right.

And after that Jessie brought a cargo of oranges from Florida and Jenny

girls?" she panted. "I saw the light, and it is so late." Then as she beheld the golden haired vision in pink and the gay tree and Peter in his trim livery she gasped. "Why, I believe it is fairies!" And she sat down very suddenly in Jessie's chair.

"You are the little mother," said the princess as she knelt beside her and put her arms around her and told her how she came to be there, and when she had finished she said simply, "And I have wanted my own mother so much this Christmas, and the little girls were so sweet that I knew I should love you."

"You poor little thing!" cried the little mother to the tall princess, and the beautiful lady put her head down on the other's shabby shoulder and wept, because in spite of her riches she had been very, very lonely in her big house.

And after Peter had gone they talked until midnight of Jessie and Jenny, and then they concocted great plans about the pretty things that the little mother was to make for the princess.

And in the morning Jessie and Jenny, waking in the early dawn, saw sitting on the footboard of the bed two Teddy bears, one with a flaring pink bow and one with a flaring blue bow, and the Teddy bears held out their arms sanely and gazed at the happy little girls with twinkling eyes.

"Oo-oh!" cried the little girls, who had never seen a Teddy bear before. And that was the beginning of the most wonderful day of their lives, for all day the tree went "tinkle, tinkle," as they foraged in its branches for bonbons. And the chicken dinner was a delicious success. And in the afternoon they all took a ride in the princess' sleigh, with Peter driving on the box, and when at last he set them down on their own humble doorstep and lifted little Jessie in his arms the princess smiled at them radiantly from under her plumed hat.

"Remember, Peter will come for you every Saturday, and you are to stay at my house all day," she said.

"Oh, yes!" Jenny sighed, with rapture.

"And you are to come to my wedding!"

There stood a white faced, shivering little woman.

brought a cargo of rugs from Persia, and there were cargoes of spices and of coal and of coffee and of fish and of grain and of lumber, and the princess finished triumphantly by carrying a cargo of oysters from the Chesapeake bay.

"One more," begged Jessie.

"I carry a cargo of castles," said the sparkling princess. "Where do I hail from?"

The little girls guessed and guessed, and at last the princess said:

"That wasn't a fair one, really, for my castles are castles in Spain."

Then, with Jessie in her arms, she told them of her own castle building, and when she had finished she said, "And so your mother shall have all of my sewing, and that will keep her busy until spring."

"Oh, you are going to be married and live happy ever after!" sighed Jessie rapturously. "It's just what a fairy princess should do."

"And what you should do," said the princess, looking at the clock, "is to go to bed, bed, bed, so that you can wake up early in the morning."

She tucked them in and came back later in a fascinating pink kimono, with her hair in a thick yellow braid, and she kissed them both. But it was little lame Jessie that she kissed last. And then she went away like a glorious vision, and the little girls sank into slumber.

In the next room the princess opened the door cautiously, and there was Peter with snow all over him, and his arms were full of holly and mistletoe, and a great tree was propped against the doorpost.

"Quietly, quietly, Peter," warned the princess, and Peter tiptoed in and set the tree up in the corner, and its top reached to the ceiling.

The princess opened the steamer trunk and took out two white Teddy bears, one with a flaring blue bow and the other with a flaring pink one, and then she took out a green and a yellow, and a red and a blue fairy book and a beautiful square basket of candy, tied with holly ribbon, and then from the very bottom of the trunk she drew string after string of shining little silver bells, fastened on red and pale green ribbons.

"I was going to get up a cotillion for the children at the other house," the princess explained to Peter, "but these little folks need it so much more."

The little bells went "tinkle, tinkle," as Peter hung them, and Jessie,

dreaming in her little bed, heard the sound and thought it a part of her dream.

And while Peter and the princess trimmed and whispered and laughed some one rattled the doorknob.

Peter opened the door, and there stood a white faced, shivering little woman.

"Oh, what has happened to my little

girls?" she panted. "I saw the light, and it is so late." Then as she beheld the golden haired vision in pink and the gay tree and Peter in his trim livery she gasped. "Why, I believe it is fairies!" And she sat down very suddenly in Jessie's chair.

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In the next room the princess opened the door cautiously, and there was Peter with snow all over him, and his arms were full of holly and mistletoe, and a great tree was propped against the doorpost.

"Quietly, quietly, Peter," warned the princess, and Peter tiptoed in and set the tree up in the corner, and its top reached to the ceiling.

The princess opened the steamer trunk and took out two white Teddy bears, one with a flaring blue bow and the other with a flaring pink one, and then she took out a green and a yellow, and a red and a blue fairy book and a beautiful square basket of candy, tied with holly ribbon, and then from the very bottom of the trunk she drew string after string of shining little silver bells, fastened on red and pale green ribbons.

"I was going to get up a cotillion for the children at the other house," the princess explained to Peter, "but these little folks need it so much more."

The little bells went "tinkle, tinkle," as Peter hung them, and Jessie,

dreaming in her little bed, heard the sound and thought it a part of her dream.

And while Peter and the princess trimmed and whispered and laughed some one rattled the doorknob.

Peter opened the door, and there stood a white faced, shivering little woman.

"Oh, what has happened to my little

girls?" she panted. "I saw the light, and it is so late." Then as she beheld the golden haired vision in pink and the gay tree and Peter in his trim livery she gasped. "Why, I believe it is fairies!" And she sat down very suddenly in Jessie's chair.

"You are the little mother," said the princess as she knelt beside her and put her arms around her and told her how she came to be there, and when she had finished she said simply, "And I have wanted my own mother so much this Christmas, and the little girls were so sweet that I knew I should love you."

"You poor little thing!" cried the little mother to the tall princess, and the beautiful lady put her head down on the other's shabby shoulder and wept, because in spite of her riches she had been very, very lonely in her big house.

And after Peter had gone they talked until midnight of Jessie and Jenny, and then they concocted great plans about the pretty things that the little mother was to make for the princess.

And in the morning Jessie and Jenny, waking in the early dawn, saw sitting on the footboard of the bed two Teddy bears, one with a flaring pink bow and one with a flaring blue bow, and the Teddy bears held out their arms sanely and gazed at the happy little girls with twinkling eyes.

"Oo-oh!" cried the little girls, who had never seen a Teddy bear before. And that was the beginning of the most wonderful day of their lives, for all day the tree went "tinkle, tinkle," as they foraged in its branches for bonbons. And the chicken dinner was a delicious success. And in the afternoon they all took a ride in the princess' sleigh, with Peter driving on the box, and when at last he set them down on their own humble doorstep and lifted little Jessie in his arms the princess smiled at them radiantly from under her plumed hat.

"Remember, Peter will come for you every Saturday, and you are to stay at my house all day," she said.

"Oh, yes!" Jenny sighed, with rapture.

"And you are to come to my wedding!"

There stood a white faced, shivering little woman.

brought a cargo of rugs from Persia, and there were cargoes of spices and of coal and of coffee and of fish and of grain and of lumber, and the princess finished triumphantly by carrying a cargo of oysters from the Chesapeake bay.



CLOSED ALL DAY DECEMBER 25th

CHRISTMAS

SHAVER BROS.

"A Little Store Well Filled."

TROPICO

Mrs. W. H. Bullis is entertaining her niece, Miss Crystal Davis of Herman during this week.

Mrs. Jessie Cady of Glendale avenue will spend her Christmas holidays with relatives in San Bernardino.

Henry Burbank of South Dakota is building a five-room bungalow on Blanche avenue which, when completed, will be worth about \$1500.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Weston will give a very quiet little dinner at their home on Western avenue this evening. Only members of the family will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wattles will entertain at dinner this evening Mr. and Mrs. James Fowler and Mr. Wattles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Wattles, all of Los Angeles.

Charles Retts, who for the past several months has been living in Yuma, Ariz., is passing several weeks with the Marple family, corner Parke avenue and boulevard.

Mrs. Anna L. Smith returned from Santa Ana Saturday and after a visit with relatives at Alhambra will be at her home "Quinta Ana," with Mrs. Ellen Scriven and Miss Scriven.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Richardson, accompanied by their children and Mrs. K. H. Wilson, left for Santa Paula Friday morning to spend Christmas with Mr. Richardson's parents and family.

The Pacific Electric company is to make extensive improvements along their tracks running through this place. The space between the tracks is being filled in and at the different stations new landings are being installed.

Miss Eulalia Richardson and brother Paul arrived from Stanford University to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Richardson. Miss Richardson will return to Stanford to complete her four year course about the 11th of January.

Mrs. H. H. Davenport and Allen Davenport are passing several weeks with Mrs. Davenport's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Luna of Irwindale. Yesterday afternoon Miss Blanche Davenport and her father also went to the little eastern town to pass the Christmas holidays.

David H. Imler arrived from his ranch, "La Verne," at Imperial, Thursday evening to spend the holidays with his family. Mr. Imler was accompanied by Alexander McEwen, who will be a few days with Mr. Imler and family at "Palm Villa," went to visit relatives at Norwalk.

There will be a called meeting of the Tropico Thursday afternoon club at the home of Mrs. F. C. Richardson, corner Cypress street and Central avenue, next Thursday afternoon. Business of importance to the society will come up at that time and it is hoped that all the members of the club will be present.

The children of the Catholic church held their Christmas exercises at G. A. R. hall Thursday evening. A large Christmas tree laden with gifts for young and old alike and an interesting program provided genuine Yuletide cheer. Refreshments were served in the banquet hall, following the program. The program was in charge of Mrs. Bacon.

The marriage of Mr. Clyde Thedaker and Miss Gertrude Mason was solemnized at the home of the bride, in Los Angeles, Wednesday evening. Mr. Thedaker is the popular agent of the Southern Pacific railway station. Mrs. Thedaker is well known to a large number of Tropico citizens and is welcomed by a coterie of friends. After a brief wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Thedaker will be "at home" at a cosy cottage on Tropico avenue.

JOTTINGS FROM PRESBYTERIAN CIRCLES.

The Christmas exercises held in the church, Thursday evening, proved unusually interesting. Each number given by children of the Sunday school was well rendered and duly appreciated. A mammoth Christmas tree adorned the platform, lighted with many candles. Greenery and flowers made the church appear real pretty. A feature was a large star illuminated by electric lights which was prominently located. Late in the evening Santa Claus appeared and presented the treat of candy and fruit to the children and grown-ups alike.

At the morning service tomorrow the pastor will preach a sermon appropriate to the New Year season.

A goodly number gathered at the church last Sunday morning to listen to the Christmas sermon delivered by the pastor. The choir dispensed excellent music.

PRETTY DINNER PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey, Jr., will entertain with a dinner party at their home on Tropico avenue this evening. Aside from the house decorations, which will be beautiful, the table color scheme will be in red, with a cerise of poinsettias. A Christmas tree lighted with electric lights will be in the living room and at a given time Santa Claus will emerge from the hush fireplace and go through merry antics, for the enjoyment of

those present, especially the little ones.

The guests include: Col. and Mrs. A. H. Sellers of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Seaman and children, Eloise, Jeanette and Joseph; Mr. and Mrs. Clay Seaman and son, Alfred; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Merrill and child, Gwendolyn; and Robert J. Merrill of San Francisco.

PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR PROVES POPULAR.

Rev. Henderson C. Shoemaker and wife were agreeably surprised on Friday evening of last week. What was to have been a Christian Endeavor business meeting was turned into a surprise party at which the worthy pastor was the central figure.

About twenty of the Endeavorers gathered at the home on Cypress avenue and after a short business session the president, J. Allen Adams, rose and with a very appropriate speech presented to Rev. Shoemaker a large and beautiful cut glass bowl, in which was a bounteous bouquet of violets. It was the celebrating of Mr. Shoemaker's birthday anniversary. Games of various kinds were then indulged in until 10 o'clock, when refreshments, provided by the party, were enjoyed. Then, after showering the popular pastor with well-wishes, the surprised wended their way homeward.

G. A. R. VETERAN OBEYS FINAL SUMMONS.

Lyman L. Dennick, brother of Mrs. C. C. Chandler of this place, died at his sister's home on Cypress avenue at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning. He died of emia, caused by Bright's disease.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. Dennick journeyed to Los Angeles and seemed in as good health as he had been for several months past, but at 10 o'clock Tuesday evening he complained of feeling worse and a Tropico physician was summoned. By the time medical aid arrived he was suffering severely and the pain was relieved as much as possible. He grew gradually worse until the hour of his death, which, when it came, was unusually calm and peaceful.

Mr. Dennick came to Los Angeles from Chicago about 22 years ago, and up to two years ago was employed in the Los Angeles county recorder's office. Since leaving the employ of the county he had spent part of his time in this place and part in Los Angeles. He was 71 years of age and was a member of the Stanton post, G. A. R., of Los Angeles, and was also a member of the Union League.

The funeral services were held from the Pulliam undertaking parlors of Glendale, Friday, Rev. J. H. Henry of Tropico, officiating; and after cremation the ashes were interred in Rose-dale cemetery. He is survived by a large number of relatives at this place and eastern cities.

TROPICO METHODIST NOTES.

The annual election of officers took place at a meeting of the Epworth League last week. The following members were selected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Miss Mattie Hicks; first vice president, Miss Loreeta Schofield; second vice president, Mrs. Constantine Haines; third vice president, Mrs. Jessica Cady; fourth vice president, Miss Fannie Marple; secretary, Miss Mae Riehl; treasurer, A. L. Chandler; organist, Miss Nina Claver. The installation of these officers will take place on the evening of December 2d.

The Christmas entertainment and tree was held at this church last night. The edifice was prettily decorated with a large number of red Christmas bells and many yards of red and green crepe paper, which hung gracefully from the chandeliers to the sides of the room. A feature was a large arch which was erected on the platform. It was of pepper-boughs and palm-boughs. Many roses and other flowers were utilized in the decorations. Much credit is due Miss Loreeta Schofield and Miss Mae Riehl, who worked untiringly on the arrangement of the program and the decoration of the church. The program was given by the children of the Sunday school, assisted by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Botkin. To the delight of the children of Santa Claus appeared and went through his usual "stunts."

The pastor's subjects for tomorrow will both be on Christmas. The morning topic will be, "The Motive and Message of Christmas," and while the subject for the evening has not yet been decided upon, it will be on the Christmas theme.

TROPICO FEED AND FUEL CO.

L. M. Appleby, Proprietor. Will have another carload of Colorado coal in a few days and will make a special rate off the cars. Have also a carload of Mesquite wood coming which will sell in same way. Mesquite chunks for grates. Try them. San Fernando Rd. and Central Ave. Phones: Home 431; Sunset 2923.

LECTURES ON PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Mrs. Annie Rix Mills, the well-known speaker and writer, will give a series of expositions of the vital truths of Christianity at 432 W. Fourth street on Friday evening, Dec. 3d, 10th, 17th and 31st at 8 o'clock. The public is invited.

Secure a saddle horse from Central Stables for January 1st. Only a few left. Fourth and Mary streets. Sunset 3143; Home 812.

EAGLE ROCK

News, Social, Personal and Otherwise

Miss Faith Winters is sick with scarlet fever.

Mr. A. Jones will return home to visit his parents.

Mr. Jesse Jones is recovering from a sprained ankle.

Mrs. Brundige of Fairmont avenue is reported to be sick.

Mr. Needham's house on Fairmont avenue is nearly finished.

Miss G. F. Truscott of Castle avenue had friends visiting her.

The College Inn has a new show case and a new line of candies.

Miss Swan has opened a dress making parlor in one of Gates' stores.

Mr. Bates of Stanley avenue has been putting an addition to his house.

Mr. Frank Needham of Los Angeles visited his brother on Fairmont avenue Sunday.

Mrs. S. Molden of Tulare county is visiting her mother, Mrs. Howard, on Stanley avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnard of Texas are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Candee of Hill Drive this week.

Mr. Fer-Don and his sister, Rhea, left for the north to spend Christmas with their parents.

Miss Florence Becker of Pico Heights convent is visiting her parents on Castle avenue.

Miss Ethel Bryan of Berkeley is home spending her holidays with her mother on Acacia avenue.

A first-class meat market has at last found its way to Eagle Rock and settled in the Fer-Don building.

Mr. J. J. Moore of Kansas has been visiting his old friends of the valley and notices a great change in the place.

Where the Bissel machine left the road on the Eagle Rock-Pasadena grade, where the fatal accident occurred last week, is now being fixed.

NOTICE!

To the citizens of Eagle Rock, the Eagle Rock Improvement society meets in Symphony hall the first Monday in January.

CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

One of the most charming affairs ever given by the maids and matrons of the Country Club was the children's Christmas party last Monday afternoon at the club house. In spite of the unkind behavior of Jupiter Pluvius who did his best to spoil things a large number of proud mammas, not to mention quite a sprinkling of proud papas, brought their little ones to make merry and enjoy the goodies provided by the ladies in charge. The clubhouse was looking its prettiest in gala dress of holly and evergreen. The first place was banked with greens, frosted over with snow (that's cotton wool) and large mottoes in red, "Merry Christmas" and "Welcome" decorated each archway. In the billiard room an immense picture frame was placed with a white background and in this frame each living picture was displayed, the first one being a fascinating "Mother Goose," Mrs. Hinkley, who looked charming in a high peaked red hat, powdered hair, and a red cloak, with black cats disporting themselves thereon. Next came "Jack and Jill" with their historic pail of water. Then a demure "Miss Muffet," little Shirley Chase who almost forgot to run away from the large black spider that miraculously (?) appeared in the picture. Then followed in quick succession "A Clown," "Goldilocks," "A Little Flower Girl," and a "Basket of Flowers." Dorothy Dow sang very sweetly "The Birthday of the King," and a fine piano solo was given by Emma Pulliam. Several other musical numbers were contributed by various little girls and boys, also a clown dance by Myrtle Pulliam, a boxing match between young Holman and Thornton, a charming Spanish dance by Viola Yorba and her cousin; and recitations from numerous little ones. At the end of the program an expectant hush fell upon the children, for it was rumored that "Santa Claus" had arrived, and sure enough in he came, a jovial, kindly, white-bearded "Santa" in red coat, trimmed with fur and full of jokes for all. In everyday life "Santa" is known as Mr. C. E. Shattuck, but he played the part so well that none could suspect him of a double identity. A beautiful Christmas tree stood in one corner of the dining room and Santa Claus gave the many pretty trinkets on it to the children, who were marshalled in and seated at long tables, arranged at the sides of the room to partake of the delicious chocolate, cakes and candies which were served. It was a pretty sight, the long rows of bonny little ones, in their party frocks and ribbons and all with bright happy faces, having such a good time. Even the most hardened old-bachelor or pessimist of the worst kind would have been softened and touched by it, but then there are no such people in Glendale!

A flashlight picture was taken of the whole party, all standing, united in singing the "Doxology," and so ended a very delightful afternoon.

TRUSTEES.

All members present. The following demands were referred. Title Guarantee & Trust Co., \$100 (searching titles Sixth street).

Fred Evans, J. M. Sprinkle, street department \$ 6.50
Supplies light dept. 267.00
D. MacDonald, cartage, freight. 17.80
Fredk Baker, city attorney 50.00

A petition was received protesting against the opening of Childs avenue signed by Aaron S. Dodge and a number of other property wners. It was referred to the city engineer to report on frontage represented.

A communication was received from the city treasurer stating that he was unable to secure bond from the guarantee companies, but would furnish a personal bond in the immediate future. The following report of the auditor on the examination of books of the clerk and treasurer, was received and filed:

AUDITOR'S REPORT ON CITY BOOKS.

Hon. Board of Trustees, City of Glendale.

Gentlemen: I have examined the books of the City Treasurer and those of the City Clerk, for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1909, in the order as follows:

I have proved the total tax roll, plus amount due from delinquents, as charged to the treasurer; have checked all the treasurer's receipts with the entries of cash received upon the books; checked all the demands with the corresponding warrants issued (except where demands were dispensed with as in the case of salaries and the treasurer's one per cent. fee on disbursements); checked all the interest payments with the cancelled coupons on file; and cross-checked all the entries of every description upon the books of both treasurer and clerk; and found all in proper order, the treasurer having accounted to the clerk for all moneys received, and the total cash in hand at the year's end in correspondence with the balances of the various accounts to which the several sums were apportioned, and the treasurer's total balance corresponding with that shown upon the clerk's books.

Except that Warrant No. 718 for \$5.00, entered as membership fee, is still outstanding.

Respectfully submitted,
G. B. HOFFMAN.

Warrant 1497 was ordered cancelled. A communication was received from John E. Jenkins requesting that Fourth street from Glendale avenue to Brand boulevard be included in Fire District No. 1. The city engineer was instructed to amend the ordinance accordingly. Report of tax collector was received showing collections to date for the year amounting to \$11,269.35; balance to be collected, \$5490.15.

The report of the street superintendent in regard to variety of street tree desired on Central avenue was received and in accordance with the same the pepper tree was designated for that street.

The city attorney was instructed to draft an ordinance on the dog question framed on lines similar to the Azusa ordinance, but more stringent. The ordinance requiring lights on all vehicles at night was finally passed. Messrs. Anderson and Grant voted "No." The question of a culvert at Sixth and Brand boulevard to carry water west was referred to street superintendent to report on at next meeting.

BIRTHDAY HONORED.

A lot of the "old boys" of the G. A. R. learning that their comrade, F. M. Beers, was to have a birthday last Monday, met with him and his wife in the evening and celebrated in a jolly style. It was a jolly crowd and the evening was most happily spent. The war was fought all over again and reminiscences of interest to all present were contributed by guests and host, while music added to the pleasing and unpretentious program. There was an attractive banquet spread, at which "hard talk" was conspicuously absent. Comrades participating with the host in the celebration were: Patterson, Gillette, Buck, Cornwell, Seng, Reynolds, Goss and Watson.

HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

The absence of all members of the faculty at the Institute meetings during the week rendered it difficult for a reporter to get accurate reports on recent games. South Pasadena and Glendale played basketball Thursday evening of last week. Glendale winning, as usual. The same day the girls of the Los Angeles high played the girls' team at Glendale, the home team winning by four points.

Last Saturday Burbank and Glendale boys' basketball teams played here, Glendale winning by a score of about 87 to 11. The girls of the same schools played the same day Glendale winning 39 to 4.

Mrs. F. J. Showalter's dressmaking parlors at 328 Mary street. Satisfaction guaranteed. t131

NOTICE INVITING STREET WORK PROPOSALS

Pursuant to Statute and to Resolution No. 315 of the Board of Trustees of the City of Glendale, California, adopted the 1st day of December, 1909, inviting and will receive at his office, in the City Hall, at 708 West Fourth Street, up to 6:30 p.m. of Wednesday, the 29th day of December, 1909, sealed proposals or bids for the following street work to be done according to the specifications and plans adopted for the said work, on file, to-wit:

First: That all that portion of Third Street between the East line of the Town of Glendale, as per Map recorded in Book 21, pages 89 and 90, Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles

NOTICE

The Glendale Stables has added to its business an Express and Transfer wagon for the City of Glendale. Special attention given to Piano and Furniture moving and general expressing. Your patronage solicited. Sunset 83; Home 682

GLENDALE STABLES



THE COFFEE YOU BUY TO-DAY

from us will taste so good to-morrow morning that you won't be satisfied with any other hereafter. Same way with our teas and fancy groceries. They are as different from the ordinary kind as day is from night, except in the matter of prices. Those are about the same that common groceries cost.

PETERSEN & CO.

Filger Block

Telephones—Sunset 1441—Home 841

Tropico Real Estate Co.

Has opened an office on the

S. E. COR. PARK AVENUE AND BRAND BLVD

List your property with them for quick sales or exchange. See their acreage property near car line.

The Outlook and the Glendale News

FOR \$3.50 ONE YEAR

We can fill a limited number of orders only for this combination. Get in by January 1st. Only to new subscribers for both publications. Theodore Roosevelt is associate editor of the "Outlook," writing for it exclusively, and the editor of the "News" writes exclusively for this progressive sheet. Don't miss the chance: send \$3.50 at once and be well informed for 1910.

County, California, and a line drawn across Third Street from a point on the North line of said Third Street distant 1209.24 feet east from the easterly line of Verdugo Road to a point on the southerly line of Third Street distant 1177.69 feet east from said easterly line of Verdugo Road, excepting the intersection of Verdugo Road, and also excepting therefrom all portions of said Third Street included within that certain strip of land 24 feet in width, lying 12 feet northerly from and parallel with the following described center line: Commencing at a point midway between the southeast corner of Lot Four (4), Block Twenty-eight (28), and the northeast corner of Lot One (1), Block Twenty-five (25) of the aforementioned Town of Glendale, and running thence east to a point lying midway between a point on the north line of said Third Street distant 1209.24 feet east from the easterly line of Verdugo Road, and a point on the southerly line of said Third Street distant 1177.69 feet east from said easterly line of said Verdugo Road, (and also excepting such portion of said street as is required by law to be kept in order or repair by any person or company having railroad tracks thereon) be graded, oiled and tamped in accordance with the plans and profile on file in the office of the City Engineer, and specifications for the grading, oiling and tamping of streets on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Glendale, said Specifications being numbered 9.

Second: That a cement curb be constructed along the north line of the roadway of Third Street from the east line of the Town of Glendale, as per Map recorded in Book 21, pages 89 and 90, of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California, to a point 1209.24 feet east from the easterly line of Verdugo Road, in accordance with specifications for the construction of cement curbs on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Glendale, said Specifications being numbered 2, excepting that from the east line of the aforementioned Town of Glendale to a point 362.5 feet easterly therefrom, and also from a point 507.5 feet easterly from said east line of the aforementioned Town of Glendale to the westerly line of Verdugo Road, the outer face of the curb shall be placed seven (7) feet from the north property line of said Third Street, instead of as specified in said Specifications No. 2, and excepting also that from a point 362.5 feet easterly from said east line of the aforementioned Town of Glendale to a point 507.5 feet easterly from said east line of the aforementioned Town of Glendale, and also from the east line of Verdugo Road to a point 1209.24 feet easterly therefrom, the curb shall be placed two (2) feet from the north property line of said Third Street, instead of as specified in said Specifications No. 2.

Third: That a cement curb be constructed along the south line of the roadway of said Third Street from a point twelve (12) feet easterly from the east line of the Town of Glendale, as per Map recorded in Book 21, pages 89 and 90, of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California, to a point 400 feet easterly from said east line of said Town of Glendale, said curb to be constructed in accordance with specifications for the construction of cement curbs on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Glendale, said Specifications being numbered 2, excepting that said curb shall be six (6) inches wide on top, twelve (12) inches wide on the bottom and eighteen (18) inches deep, having a batter of three (3) inches on each side, and also excepting that said curb shall be placed two (2) feet from the south property line of said Third Street, instead of as specified in said Specifications No. 2.

Fourth: That a cement curb shall also be constructed along the south

line of the roadway of said Third Street from a point 400 feet easterly from the east line of the Town of Glendale, as per Map recorded in Book 21, pages 89 and 90, of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, California, to a point 1177.69 feet easterly from the easterly line of Verdugo Road, in accordance with specifications for the construction of cement curbs on file in the office of the City Clerk of the City of Glendale, said Specifications being numbered 2, excepting that the outer face of said curb shall be placed two (2) feet from the south property line of said Third Street, instead of as specified in said Specifications No. 2.

Sec. 2. That the Board of Trustees of the City of Glendale finds upon estimates directed to be furnished and furnished by the City Engineer, that the total cost of said improvements will be greater than fifty cents per front foot along each side of said street, including the cost of intersections, and it is hereby determined in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved February 27, 1893, as amended by an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, amending said act, named Act, which amending act became a law March 2, 1899, that bonds shall be issued to represent the cost of said improvements, said bonds shall be serial, extending over a period of ten years and an even proportion of the principal sum of such bonds shall be payable annually by coupon, on the second day of January of each year after their date, until the whole are paid, and said bonds shall bear interest at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum on all sums unpaid, payable semi-annually by coupon, on the second days of January and July of each year.

Bidders must file with each proposal or bid, a check payable to the order of the President of the Board of Trustees of the City of Glendale, certified by a responsible bank, for an amount which shall not be less than ten per cent. of the aggregate of the proposal, or a bond for the said amount and so payable, signed by the bidder and two sureties, who shall justify before any officer competent to administer oaths, for double the said amount, and over and above all statutory exemptions. In bidding use blanks which will be furnished by the City Clerk upon application.

Glendale, Cal., 17th day of December, 1909.

G. B. WOODBERRY,

City Clerk and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Board of Trustees of the City of Glendale, Cal.

NOTICE

OF THE RECORDING OF THE ASSESSMENT AND DIAGRAM FOR THE OPENING AND WIDENING OF ADAMS STREET IN THE CITY OF GLENDAL.

Notice is hereby given that the assessment and diagram for the opening and widening of Adams Street, from the South line of First Street to the Southern City Limits, in accordance with Ordinance No. 93, was recorded in the office of the Street Superintendent of the City of Glendale on the 14th day of December, 1909.

All sums levied in said assessment are due and payable immediately and payment of said sums is to be made to me in my office, at the City Hall in said city, within thirty days after the 18th day of December, 1909, which is the first day of publication of this notice.

All assessments not paid before the expiration of said thirty days (January 17, 1910) will become delinquent, and thereupon five per cent upon the amount of each such assessment will be added thereto, and the property advertised for sale, as provided for by law.

F. R. SINCLAIR,
Street Superintendent, City of Glendale.